

WOLFE

MAY 1996 VOLUME 3 NUMBER 7

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RAEKwon
CRIMSKUNK
CARTEL
DOWNBYLAW
SKATECHECKS
WARRIORS
JAD FAR
BUMBURNING
SEPTUORA

3 LIVE...

and a nasty

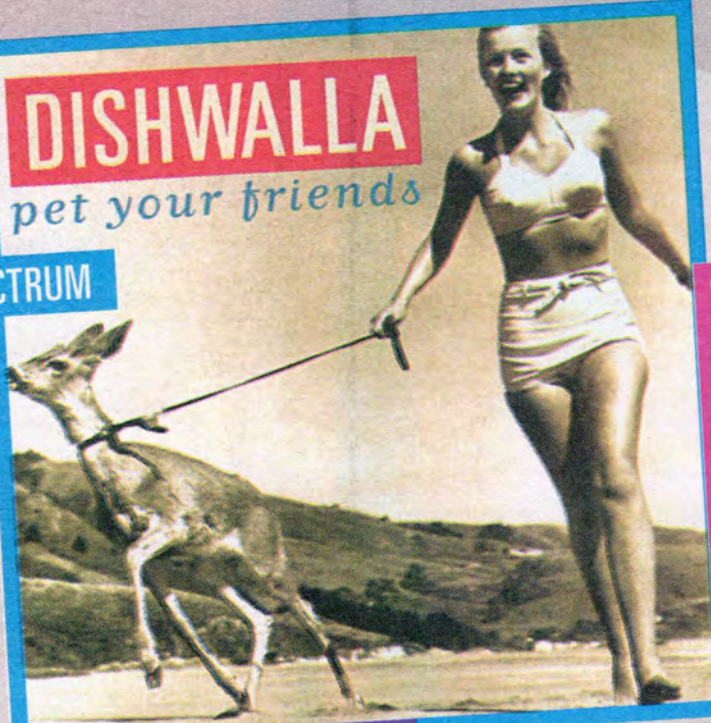
High-Five!

DISHWALLA

pet your friends

MAY 8 - LE SPECTRUM

DISHWALLA
"Pet Your Friends"
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Blue Cars"



THERAPY?

"Infernal Love" features "Loose"

MAY 20 - CABARET

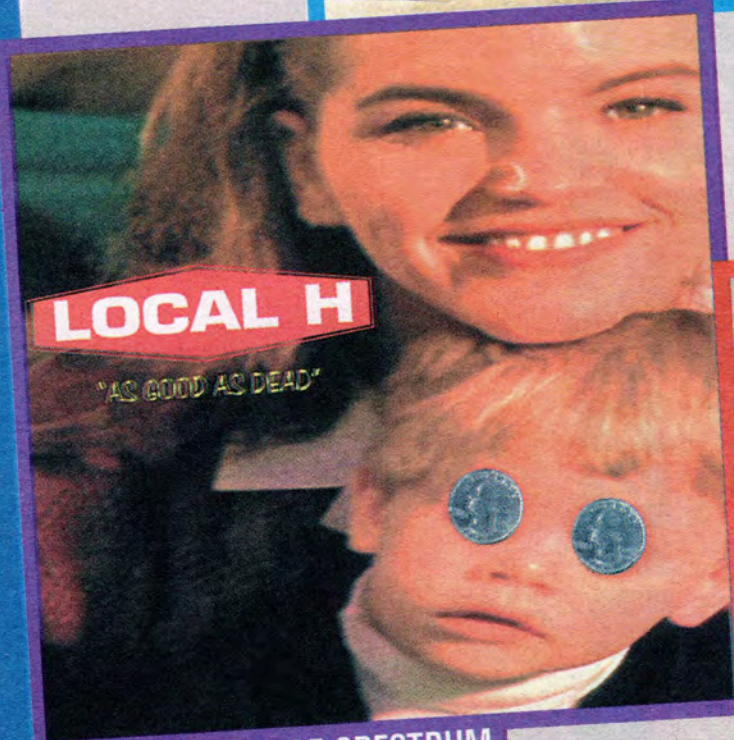


LOCAL H

"AS GOOD AS DEAD"

MAY 26 - LE SPECTRUM

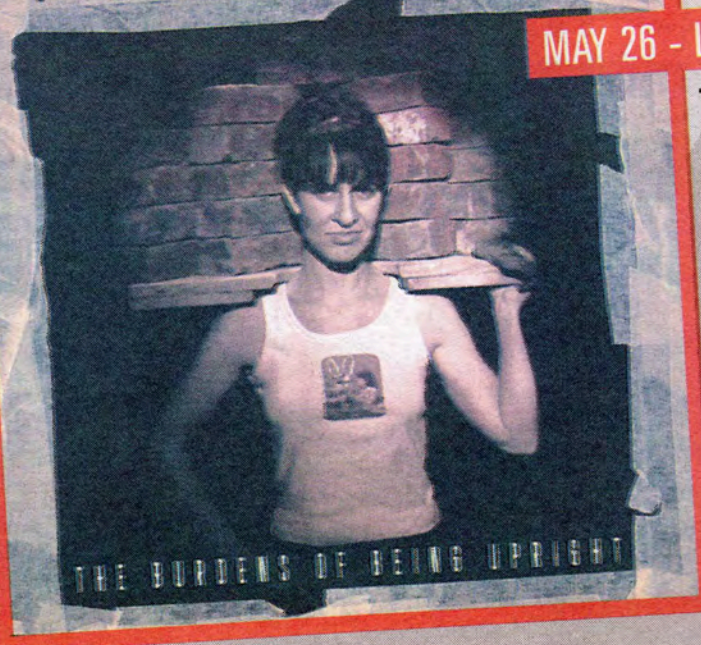
LOCAL H
"As Good As Dead" features
"High-Fiving Mother Fucker"



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"The Burdens of
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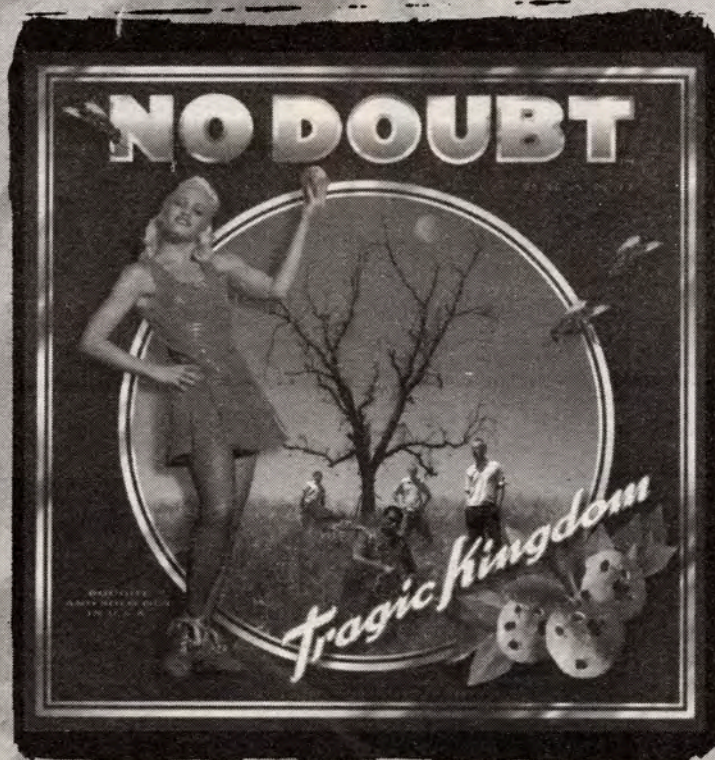
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VOICE

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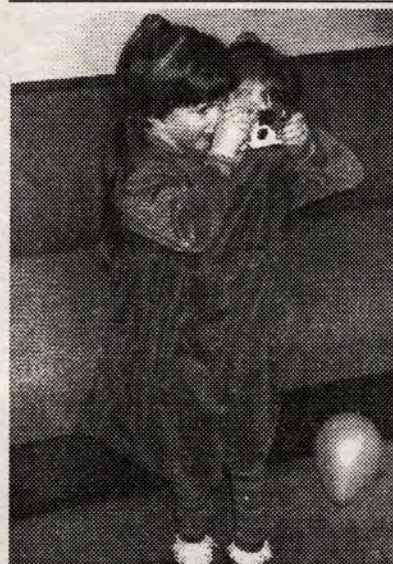
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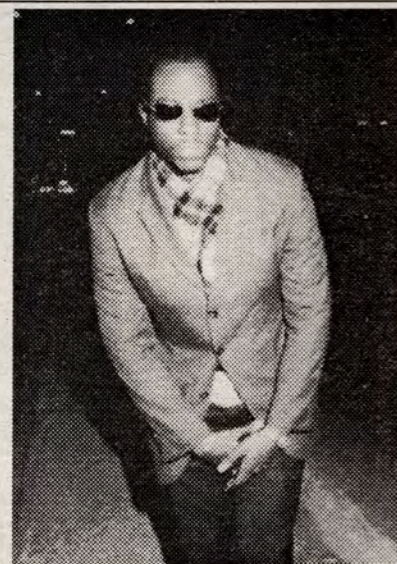
QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"The ultimate resolution to any argument
is at the barrel of a gun."

-Tom Hazelmeyer
President of Amphetamine Reptile



These two-headed cuties (or cutie) are the only two-headed
girl(s) to be adored by Oprah, CBC, Life Magazine, and the
Voice all at the same time.

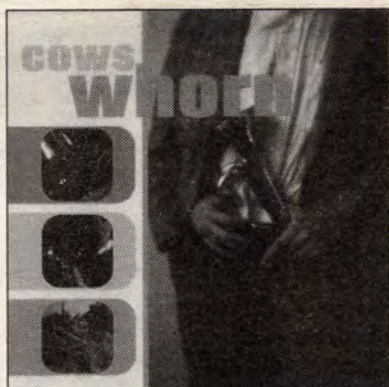


This young Fishboner is renowned for his worldly charm. He
once got so drunk he walked into the wrong apartment and
went to sleep.

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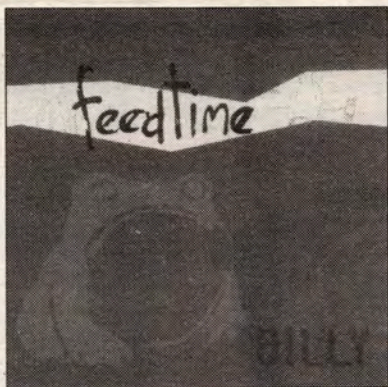
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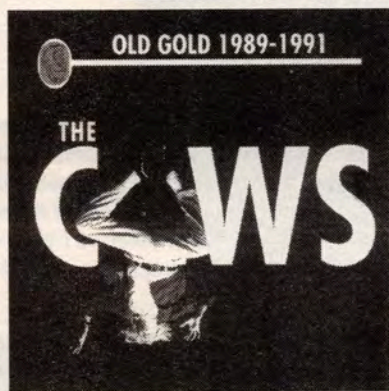
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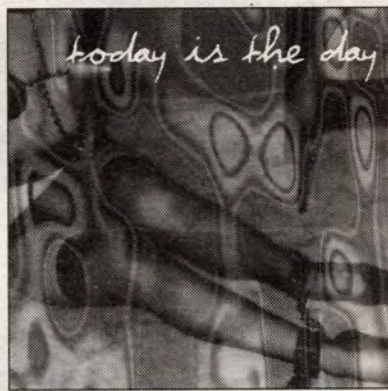
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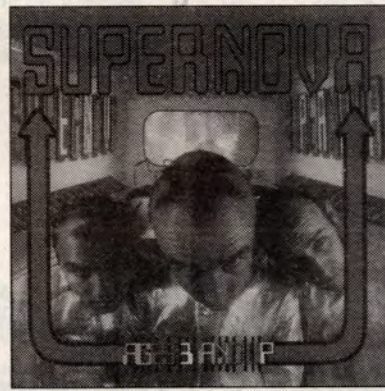
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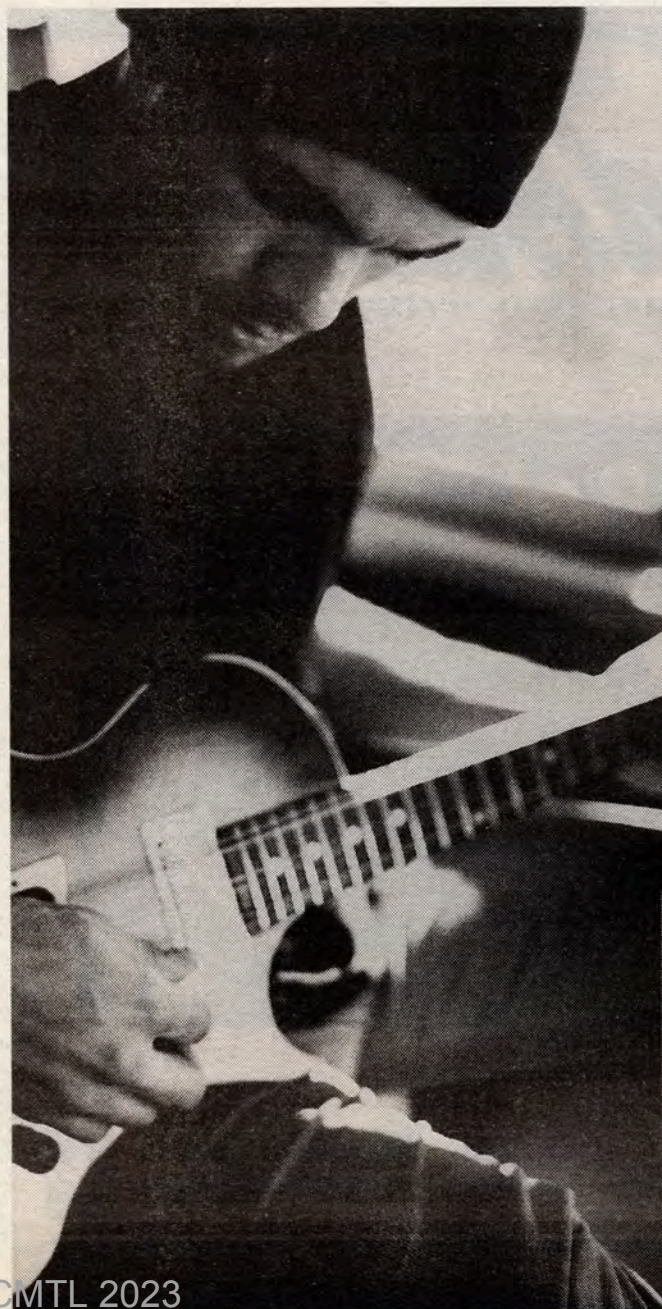
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tidbits

A Monthly Look at Things We Love

Don Walser

Despite having the ugliest wife we've ever seen Don Walser devotes everyone of his crooning country ballads to "the most glorious woman alive" and has toured with everyone from Jesus Lizard to The Butthole Surfers. Don learned his unique vocal skills as a boy by yodelling in trees all day after his Mom died, and today his fan base stretches from the scariest of the Wattie punks to the fattest of the retired cowgirls. 'Nuff respect Don.



X-Ray Specs

We at *The Voice* were shocked to discover that these actually worked. What's even more surprising is that after about three days of seeing through everybody's clothes you get bored of it and begin to see people for what they are ... God's creatures. Thanks to the folks at Gogs for teaching us that deep down we're all just regular men and women trying to get through the day.



Stupid Tattoos

Just because it's going to be on your body for the rest of your life doesn't mean you have to think about it. Sure Johnny Rotten said we have No Future but did he have the gonads to put his money where his mouth is? Hell no. The skin art pictured here belongs to *Voice* columnist Johnson Cummins who doesn't particularly even like wine. "I figured why not just get that, it would be funny, so I did."



Michael Jackson

Only Millionaire Mike could get away with writing "I love such elementary things" for the film *Free Willy* while being charged for child molestation. Renowned as having the spookiest face to look at in the history of showbiz Michael Jackson and his monkey Bubbles can usually be found riding their private three hundred foot high roller coaster with no pants on. Ah 'tis good to be king.



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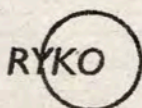
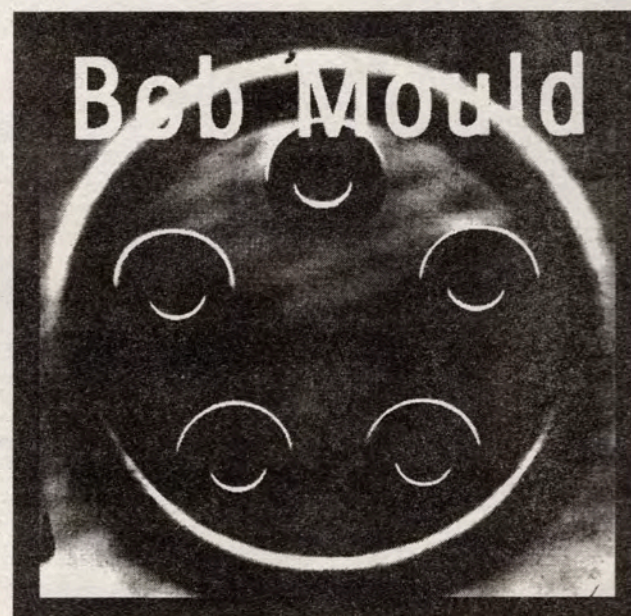
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CHICKS SKATE TOO

by Natalia Yanchak



Photo: Adrienne Carfahini

Out of all the people I've met in my short life, I have only found one girl who skates. So that makes two of us. And once I read a short little bio about a pro girl skater on one of the back pages of *Thrasher*. So that makes three. All of the girl skate-scene represented by three babes. Pathetic, I know. Maybe I can blame it on the fact that I live in Toronto and the only skaters to ever show their faces are the upper-middle-class socialites whose parents sponsor them all the way up their tight asses. Yeah, those damned yuppie skaters who take to the streets in broad daylight and think it's hard-core to share a refillable beverage at Taco Bell between four people. And where are the yuppie skater girls? Well, they just don't exist, seeing as how nail polish and *Seventeen* magazine take precedence.

One thing that really gnaws at the soul is the blatant sexism. Once I read a letter written by some loser to *Transworld* that said something to the effect of "girls and skating do not mix." I guess somehow our tits get all caught up in the wheels or the mechanics of trucks are simply too complex for a girl to ever comprehend. He is

obviously just a dumb fuck whose opinion should be immediately disregarded. I am not looking for a revolution or a hostile takeover of the scene, I just want girls to take skating farther than large pants, bleached hair and witty T-shirts.

Where are the girl-skate movies? I want to see catalogues of videos out there documenting the wondrous virtues of the female. I want street skating, vert ramps and the girls scraping their knees and getting bloody faces. Basically I want to see girls representing the skate scene with something other than their breasts. I realize all this is not what skating is all about, girls just haven't had a place in a scene for drunken bastards. Call me a nutty advocate for equal opportunity, but I still want to see girls fully bring it on.

It is not all a scenic drive through Shitsville for the girls. In Newfoundland the scene is fully under control. The skate chicks around those parts run a scam where they date the wealthy boys, get them to buy props, then, weeks later, gather their friends to ransack the lad's home. This is exemplary of girls breaking into the scene, fucking things up and doing what they please. Yes.

Excellent. I like this concept. Apart from the fact that skaters occasionally enjoy a good beating for their antics, our eastern counterparts have taken advantage of the deal.

A bit of luck was involved when I started skating, a guy was actually willing enough to teach me the basics. Now I rarely take out the deck to display my mediocre tricks, but whenever I do skate, the dudes can't seem to comprehend what they're seeing. The equation: girl + skateboard = brain overload, comes to mind. It is not, however, as whack as all that, there is the occasional guy who understands and will cheer me on. The calls from across the street of "Oh yeah," and subsequent haggling are really encouraging.

Quite simply, skateboarding is great, but there is absolutely no point in keeping it sex-exclusive. Us girls can only handle so much sitting on the curb, while watching our brothers and boyfriends show off. So come on, get your hands on a board, your feet in some dope shoes and hit the streets with the shit. Girls can grind, kick ass and do all that, so fuck off if you don't like it.

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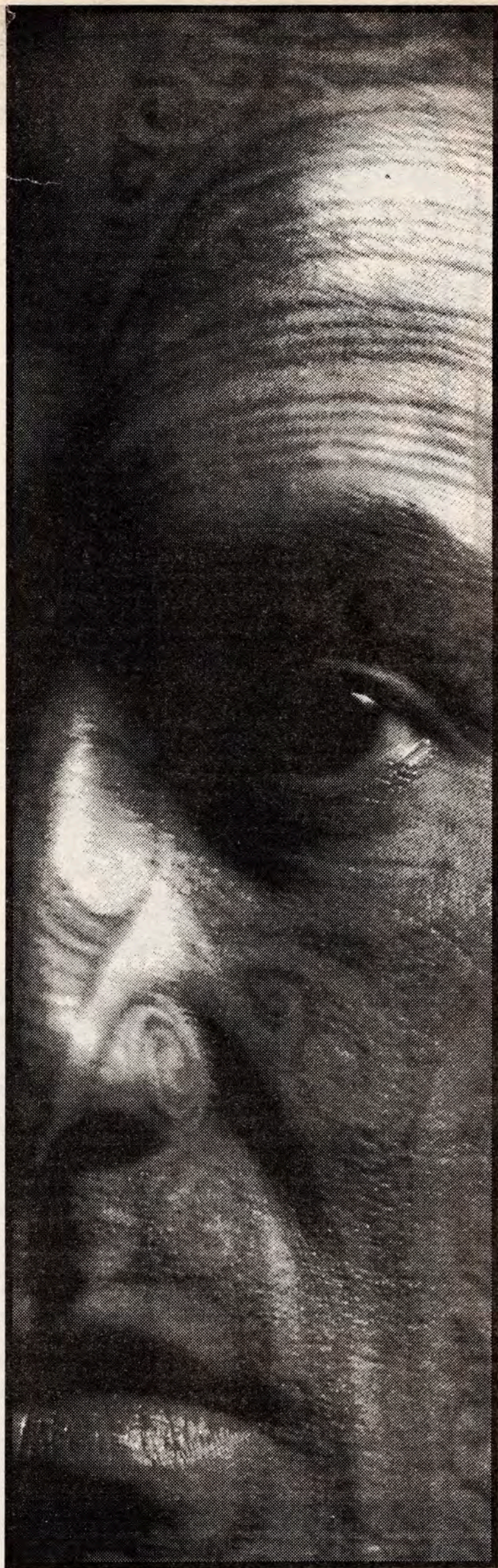
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THE MAORI FIGHT

by Shane Smith

"The Maori are strong mate," Big Paul beamed, flexing his arms ringed in traditional tattoos, passing over another beer. We were sitting in a hotel room in San Diego, having a few beers before watching Night of the Young Heavy Weights, a hyped up event to try and find a challenger who could last more than two rounds against Tyson. Paul is a pro surfer from New Zealand. His friend and fellow clansman was fighting that night. "Keep your eyes on Tue, because this won't last long," he told me.

When the bell rang my massive Maori friend and I were already drunk, we'd been drinking all day. In twenty-one seconds Tue had demolished his opponent worse than Tyson ever has in any of his professional fights. Tue came out of his corner with his fists continually pounding, landing insanely hard punches even as the loser was falling, nearly wrenching his neck from his shoulder blades.

Tue is a Maori boxer from New Zealand. Most boxing aficionados peg him to be the next champion because of his combination of overwhelming strength and powerful mental control. He is also the 'Matu' or chief warrior of his clan. Big Paul tells me, smiling from ear to ear, "Tue is a hero back home because he is showing the Maori kids that they can do whatever they want, they don't have to fall into the traps of white culture."

Tue is just one example of the modern Maori trek back to their traditional roots of strength and courage.

"Yeah mate we were never defeated by the British, so we got loads of land and a better deal than most other colonized aboriginals." Big Paul went on to tell me his favourite story of a battle where the Maori dug holes in the ground and hid, covering themselves with dirt, breathing through straws, waiting. When the British marched over top of them, the warriors flew up from the earth itself and, using wooden killing staffs against English guns, killed

all the soldiers in one swift bloody massacre. What is interesting about the story is that the Maori left one soldier alive, whom they then surrendered to. When I asked Paul why, he smiled and told me, "We knew there was no stopping the power of the British army but we gave them a bloody nose before the peace treaties were signed just to let them know what we were capable of."

The strength of the Maori and their tradition of maintaining a deep cultural heritage is the base today's Maori youth are using to launch a campaign that rejects British culture, choosing instead to embrace traditional ways. Young Maori are tattooing their arms, legs, torsos and faces in classic black ink tribal stylings. The facial tattoos in particular are becoming a popular way of showing the deep break the youth are making with New Zealand's white culture. "My girlfriend has a facial tattoo, beautiful. I find them pleasing to look at and if that doesn't fit into Christian British culture what do I care? I'm not part of that."

North America and Europe have also seen a massive increase in tattooing, piercing and ritual scarification. The Maori traditions are being emulated by youth all over the world. Films like Utu and Once Were Warriors have become cult classics. Maori tribal tattoos and scars can be seen from Stockholm to Seattle. This popularity stems from the fact that they are truly beautiful, but it also comes from the respect the modern Maori are receiving world wide. When I asked Paul if this cultural appropriation angered him he drank half his beer in one go and then answered "Nah mate, people can do as they like and so will I. No point in getting angry, I'm not worried about it."

The day after the fight I went to watch Big Paul compete in the surfing world cup. Paul towered over the other competitors, surfing a malibu (long board) he was at a disadvantage against the shorter boards and smaller riders. He took second place, riding down twenty-

footers with ease. On the beach afterwards, Paul smoked some Hawaiian herb then did a Haka (Maori tribal war dance) for the MTV cameras. We got bombed on the beach then headed back to the hotel. In the lobby two red-necked jarheads, straight off their aircraft carrier, started making fun of Paul's dreadlocks and tattoos calling him "...a funny looking coon." I went after them but Paul grabbed me, "Peace man, these boys are doomed anyway, leave them stew." They came after us, swinging at Paul even though his hands were upraised, palms out. Paul knocked them down faster than Tue had done the previous night. He then got the night clerk to call the police and pressed charges against the two servicemen. The MPs who came to pick up our boys were black. When they heard the story they stared at Big Paul as he calmly gave his statement. Big Paul has a strength in his quiet voice, it demands respect.

When we got back to our room I asked him what he meant when he said the navy boys were "...doomed anyway." Paul explained the Maori believe the expansion of cities and the growth of urban culture is breeding hatred and dooming people to unhappiness. He talked and I smoked. The last words I remembered are "Listen, back home I live on land that my people own. I fish, I have enough to eat...I don't destroy where I live. I believe in the traditions of the Maori. I watch the ocean, I get a euphoria.... When I look at the cities I don't feel good. I don't want that life."

Tue and Big Paul are two Maori who reject European ideals and sponsor their native culture. They have the wisdom to know how they want to live and the strength to actually do it. I recently talked to Paul, who is back in New Zealand. When I asked him if he had anything to say in this article he said "Sure, Te Wanne Ruta, nature's power is the best, say that and say that the Maori are strong."

The 'Extreme Fighting' Fiasco

Considered a "human cockfight" by the Quebec government and billed by New York based, Penthouse Magazine owned, promoters Battlecade Inc., as "the most brutal event in the history of sport," the Extreme Fight which took place April 26 on the Kahnawake Mohawk reserve has turned into a source of tension and conflict between the Quebec government, the Mohawks and ten Americans fighters who are currently sitting in Montreal's Parthenais holding facility.

For starters, the media has created so much hype about the violent nature of this sport that reality has been completely distorted. The only rules in extreme fighting are no eye-gouging and no biting, but in actuality people rarely get injured in this sport compared to boxers, who become vegetables from getting pounded in the head repeatedly during years of training and fighting. The champion of extreme fighting is a Ju jit su master who doesn't even throw punches. He leg-locks and head-locks, which is a

lot less harmful than an uppercut to the jaw. It sounds pretty hypocritical to ban extreme fighting when Tyson is making \$45 million a fight.

What is interesting about this sport is not the ferocity of the fights themselves but the controversy which surrounds them. The participants of The Extreme Fight were later arrested in Montreal by twelve Surete du Quebec officers (of OKA fame) in conjunction with three Mohawk peacekeepers. Even though the native security force has no jurisdiction outside

the reserve they came along to show that all concerned parties condoned this arrest. However, after the arrest Chief Joe Norton fired the head of the peacekeepers, enraged by the duplicity of his actions. The peacekeepers, whose salaries are being funded by the Quebec government to the tune of fifty-two percent, raised all kinds of nasty questions about sovereignty and self-policing with their Benedict Arnold routine.

So we have yet another political problem between government and native

groups. Why? Well probably because the government are tight assed, racist, fake PC losers who like to bluster on about things in the vain hope that voters will think they are actually doing something. The Mohawks on the other hand are sick of too much interference, coercion and uptight whitey attitude. Let them gamble, let them fight for Christsakes! Oh and a word to the SQ, everything you touch you turns to shit. Leave it alone.

by Suroosh Y. Alvi and Shane Smith

DOWN BY LAW'S PUNK ROCK DAD

by Johnson Cummins

David Smalley joined his first punk rock band when I was about fourteen years old. DYS (Department of Youth Services) were a generic hardcore band that put together punk rock classics like *Wolf Pack*. Five years later he was singing for Dag Nasty when they recorded *Can I Say*, which went down in history as their finest album ever. Seen as one of the leaders of the straight edge movement (he's got an enormous "X" tattooed on his arm with "true 'til death" written on it), he sang for All for two years back in '89 but quit the band to go to school.

Now he has a kid, drinks the occasional beer, listens to classic rock while he's driving and sings for Epitaph's Down By Law.

The first time I saw Dave Smalley drink a beer it was like pulling the beard off of a department store Santa only to find a pock marked teenager. A thousand bad supermarket tabloid headlines started forming in my head, cuz in punk rock circles this outrage could only be matched by finding out that Crass were working for IBM. Dave Smalley carried the torch of the straight edge movement, which in a nut shell discouraged the use of the "white man's burden." He was constantly surrounded by scores of straight and alert teenagers who were trying to become the newest members of the Smalley clan, asking advice from him as though he was a punk rock Ann Landers. "I still think the straight edge movement is great for some people," says Dave, "but you know people grow out of things. I was proud to be a spokesman for the straight edge movement and I would never encourage drinking for anyone but if I choose to have an occasional beer then so be it."

If that's not enough Dave has recently become a father. "I found out the best thing in the world is to give life, everything else takes a back seat to that. I'll even catch myself doing typical clichés like showing off baby pictures." But even fatherhood can't keep a good punk down. Dave never sold out even when everybody else was sellin' (ie. Bad Religion's Styx influenced album *Into the Unknown*). "I think what a lot of people don't realize is that when I'm driving in my car I'm probably more prone to just dial in a classic rock station. But when I'm playing I just love the energy I get from

punk rock...To me the common bond between punk bands is that we're telling people there are problems in the world and we're addressing them."

Down By Law is currently enjoying the success of their new album *All Scratched Up* which Dave, surprisingly enough, describes as their best album yet. "Punk rock has really come a long way. We're one of the only punk bands that has put out a double album." Like most of Epitaph's roster Down By Law has garnered major label interest but have absolutely no urge to leave

Epitaph as Dave enjoys the lack of hierarchy that plagues most major labels. "Epitaph is so personable, if I have a problem I can talk to Brett Gurewitz (Epitaph Prez) directly. I really appreciate that."

Dave has a track record that most people would die for, but for years his impressive resume seemed to be a hindrance. "Down By Law was kind of known as the lead singer from Dag Nasty's band and now we really have our own thing."

Down By Law are playing throughout Canada this month.



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PUNK PAKI

AN INTERVIEW WITH CORNERSHOP

by Suroosh Y. Alvi

Indian and Pakistani communities have developed a reputation for owning cornerstores over the course of the last decade. From the dépanneurs of Québec to the markets in Ontario and Western Canada, the Asians living in Europe and North America have shown a keen business eye and used small convenience marts as launching pads into bigger business. Stereotypes have developed. Matt Groening's "Appu" character from the Simpsons is the prime example of this stereotype making it into everyday TV consumption. I guess, as a Pakistani, I should be dismayed by these images but I'm not. Appu rocks.

Around seven years ago a young Indian in London named Tjinder Singh started playing music. He called his group Cornershop because as he stated

in a 1994 Melody Maker interview, "PAKIS!! Ha ha ha! Bloody Asians in their Cornershop! That's what people think and that's why we called ourselves Cornershop."

They burned a poster of renowned racist and ex-Smiths singer Morrissey outside of his record label's head office and scandalized the media. Most people couldn't understand the music. Unique and uncategorizable, Cornershop couldn't be pigeonholed and hence were deemed crap. An amalgamation of traditional Indian instruments combined with distorted feedback, sampling, a moog and lyrics sung in Punjabi and English, Cornershop create poppy and foreign-sounding music that makes you think.

Fascinated by this band, and the mind behind it, I called up

Tjinder at his home outside of London to learn more. "When we first started," says Singh, "we started playing feedback with guitars on one side which was noise to represent how Asians actually felt within the west, and then sitars, flute and harmonium from the east to represent how Asians are actually perceived. It was a bit of an art statement and it didn't really click with a lot of people at that time."

Everyone from the press to Tjinder's family to the Indian community was confused by this strange music. For a young Indian to abandon a degree in Business and Information Technology and a job in software and hardware installation to play in a rock and roll outfit was not too cool in the "community." They released their first 7" on curry coloured vinyl and stood up against the mockery and criticism of the English and Indians who thought that Asians shouldn't be playing rock 'n' roll. They persisted by releasing an EP on Superchunk's Merge records and then following up with the amazing LP *Woman's Gotta Have*



It (Luaka Bop/Warner) last year.

Cornershop are about individualism and action. "All I do is what I feel and the music I do is just what I feel and what I think about is what I've done. I take it on an individual basis rather than speak for a community. I think there are too many conflicts between me and an Asian community for me to speak about them wholeheartedly. English society puts my back up and there are things about the Asian community that puts my back up as well," said Singh.

My guess is that Cornershop started as a reaction to the political climate in England. When Singh sings "sick and tired of this fascist grind" or "get your fat ass off the acetate" you get the sense that Cornershop exist for the same reason that the Sex Pistols did: rebellion in a punk rock style. Cornershop have been referred to as "punk" in the past, but it's more their context and approach to the band than their musical style. They've adopted punk ethics and have a DIY philosophy to all aspects of their existence, but caution is required in applying any "punk" or ethnic tag to Cornershop. "Punk for me was a very violent and racist time, because all the ethics of punk might have been okay in New York and may have been okay in London but when it filtered out to places like Walhampton, you got skinheads thinking they were punks and going hell for leather on some ethics they didn't even understand."

Although the music is reactionary and headed by an "ethnic," it should come as no surprise that Cornershop are not massive in the Asian community. Their sound and ability to transcend categories have prevented them from becoming so. "I can't see many Asians wanting to be into what we're doing. If Asians want music they want to put themselves onto a sort of a plane that is escapism, whether it's Punjabi, folk music, or Bhangra, or whether it's religious music. I think that's to lift them onto a higher plane. How, therefore, do you think they would react to people who are really going for it and making a lot of feedback to emphasize something that is a little more arty than what they are used to? A lot of Asians don't understand it."

And concerning the press, Singh states, "I've got no qualms with the English press, they did give us loads of shit and then they stopped giving us loads of shit because they've gone on to the Brit scene. I think there could be no bigger compliment than for them to just stop giving us shit and go on to something as bad as the Brit scene, which basically vindicates all that we have stood for."

The upcoming summer will be one endless tour with Stereolab in the east, Los Lobos in the west, and then Lollapalooza's second-stage. Cornershop will be playing Montreal's Cabaret May 15 and Toronto's Lee's May 14. Cornershop can be written to at the Chapati Heat Line: 17-19 Alma Rd., London, SW18 1AA, England

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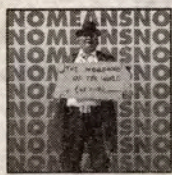
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GROWING GRIM SKUNK

by Grim Skunk

Raised on prog rock and poutine, Montreal's Grim Skunk have just put out their third album, *Meltdown* and are adored by everyone from fourteen year old French hippie kids to thirty year old British punks (they're even Fishbone's favourite band). Though incredibly busy as of late, The Skunk managed to answer us this one question.

Voice: How do you grow marijuana?

Grim Skunk: First you have to get your seeds. Hemp BC in Vancouver was selling good seeds but was recently busted. I think they started up again on mail order. It's actually safer to get them mailed directly from Holland because you're guaranteed a female plant. Sometimes they don't make it through (which is a real problem when you're paying five or ten bucks a seed). Montreal has a unique little network of people that buy and sell baby plants but you have to know the right people to hook that up. You rarely get arrested if they catch you with the seeds because it's legal in Canada to have pot seeds for food. You're only in trouble if the police can prove the seed can grow into a plant. That's what happened with Hemp BC. It took the police over a year because they sent in an undercover cop who tried to grow their seeds and it took him two tries before he had anything to charge them with.

Anyway, after you get the seeds

you have to sprout them. The simplest way is to put the seed in between some moist toilet paper (not soaking wet) and let it sit for a few days. You should have a piece of plastic loosely around it to keep it from drying out and if it hasn't sprouted by the fifth day you should be worried. Actually, toilet paper isn't as good as rock wool. When you put it in moist rock wool you can just transport the whole thing to dirt when it sprouts and that's it. A good seed will sprout in three days but after seven days it's going to start to get mouldy. Alright, so if you're using toilet paper you gently remove it when the little shoot gets to be about two or three inches long and put it in some fertilized dirt. The best fertilizer is bat guano or fish emulsion (rotten fish). Start to grow it indoors by early April so it will be ready to be planted outdoors in June after the frost disappears. After that, the plant will keep growing all the way to late September. The crucial thing about growing is to ensure you have a female.

Plants show their sex after they go into the budding process and the budding process begins when a plant gets 12 hours of light per day as opposed to 18 in the summer. After a plant starts to bud, the female ones get these teeny little white hairs that come out right where the bud intersects the branch and the males get these tiny little balls that are really hard to detect. You don't want to have males because they contaminate the females, so when you see one, uproot it. Cutting their heads off

isn't enough because they will often survive and, even with a little branch, they can seed the rest of the female thereby ruining everything. In Canada you haven't got a very long growing season but when the white hairs grow into big buds and 50 percent of the hairs go brown it's time to harvest. The whole plant won't mature at the same rate so if you're selective you can just get the buds as they reach maturity but people with large plantations can't afford to be so careful.

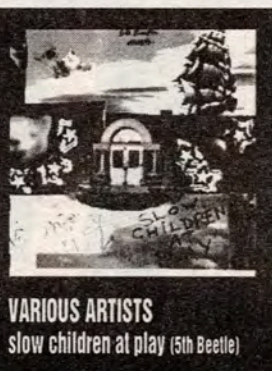
Ideally the marijuana grower will have a mother plant which is just one plant that you keep alive without smoking it. That way you prevent stressing the plant out and damaging it. When it's not budding you cut clones. Cut off a cluster of leaves and put them into water with some rooting hormone. After they've re-rooted they're ready to be planted and when these clones are mature you can smoke them. As long as you never smoke the mother plant you can keep taking clones off it forever. When you get your bud you have to dry it. You can just be old school and hang it upside but it's not so much how you do it as the rate in which you do it. If it dries too fast it will get crispy and end up like sand, and if it dries too slow it's going to get all moist and moldy. You don't want pot to get moldy. Some people try to do it deliberately but it's dangerous because when marijuana molds the nitrogen breaks down and turns into ammonia and that's obviously pretty nasty to smoke. It should be left in a dry, cool place (just a little under room temperature) to dry out best. It's all a question of quality of flavour and how it burns. It depends on the person.

Okay, thanks for your time.
Alright, bye.

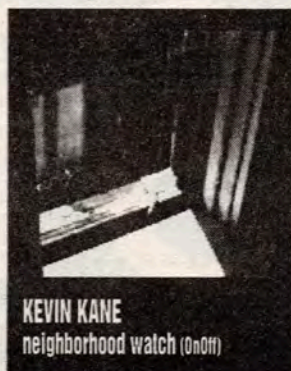
Neither Voice Magazine nor GrimSkunk necessarily advocate the smoking of marijuana. If you smoke too much you might sleep in late and have trouble remembering phone numbers.



The guys at 5th Beetle haven't slept much since Princess Superstar and co. roared in and out of Canada. Return performance slated for NxNE in June. She's white and from Noo Yawk Ceetay, she's got a lot of chutzpah but she ain't got no beepah...



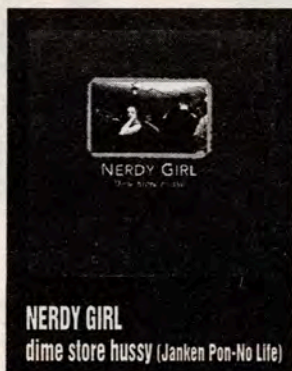
More than just another compilation, *Slow Children At Play* is an all in one record collection of some of the finest bands around. Featuring unreleased tracks by Soul Junk, Princess Superstar, Fly Ashtray, Eggs and Square Root Of Margaret.



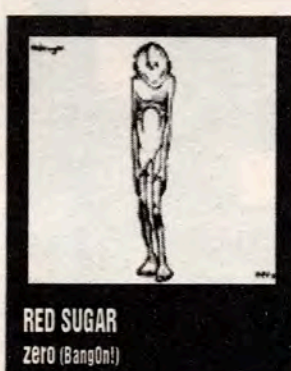
A quiet and introspective album from the guy who used to be in some other band from long ago. His first solo release through his own label OnOff. Watch for other cool releases on his label, because he has lotsa cool friends who also play in bands.



The last person we played this to, grabbed the disc out of our hands and ran out the door wanting to live their life like Jack Kerouac in "On The Road". We thought he was nuts and still owes us money for the record. Stunning music made of dirt and wood.



Their first single featuring a full band. Geek pop for the masses and a band true to their name. A co-release between No Life and the newly activated Janken Pon. Watch out for Nerdy Girl's debut full length slated for June-July 1996.



Stark and alluring, just like the package that encompasses this release from BangOn! Red Sugar is a constant evolution that keeps us guessing, but the surprise is always worth the wait. Also available: Red Sugar with St.Eustache, a revolution waiting to happen...

Other cool stuff coming soon: Strawberry 7" single from Janken Pon, the Empty's full-length on BangOn! and a truck load of releases from Derivative (SportsGuitar's "Fade-Clické", Boobytrap! double pack 7" and a Pest 5000 7" single!)

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THE ROOTS OF SEPULTURA

by Shane Smith

Straight outta' Brazil, Sepultura have long been kings of the metal scene. With their latest and most magnificent album *Roots* just released, their status will be elevated to that of gods. I caught up with front man Max Cavalera as he was taking a bath in his hotel in Little Rock, Arkansas, (home of rock'n'roller No.1 Bill Clinton). Not missing the irony of this situation, Max and I talked mostly about problems found in Brazil such as racism, political corruption, nationalism and the destruction of the rainforest.

"*Roots* is about believing in yourself, having self strength. To face the day with a positive attitude and not let the bastards grind you down. It's about positivity and confidence."

Sepultura went deep into the Amazon to record with Brazilian aboriginals, the Tribo Xavantes. They went back to the roots of music with these natives who live in almost total seclusion. The band and the tribe jammed out some of the most haunting tunes ever recorded right there in the rain forest.

"It was a real cool hangin' atmosphere, very remote. They

had never seen white people. We jammed with them, then recorded stuff. No politics or anything. The Indians were just being themselves and we were totally being ourselves, it was a good vibe. If it wasn't a good vibe they would not do it, that's the cool thing. If there's anything that they don't like, you're out of there."

Recording in Amazonia gave the band a greater awareness of the problems this region is facing. These problems are not new but the grass roots movement in Brazil is. For the first time non-political groups are adopting activist stances. This is the debut of Sepultura as a political voice, writing songs like 'Endangered Species' and 'Dictatorshit.' Increasingly political, Max spoke passionately about this issue.

"We never wrote songs about the Amazon or anything like that. I decided to put them on this album because it's become a global concern and it's a Brazilian problem. It will affect Americans, Europeans and Australians. It will affect everybody because it will fuck up the ozone. People have to learn to respect nature again and leave the fuckin' rain forest alone."

We talked about how it's not necessary for artists to be political, but some can and if they are able then they take it to the next level. People like Jello Biafra and Bob Marley became legends not only for their music but for their political stances as well. Max is very frank about his political and social beliefs. Like most of our generation he is pissed off about what a pile of crap we are being handed by the powers that be.

"I've been criticizing Brazil for a long time, not just criticism for criticism's sake, but because things need to be changed. It's about poor people just getting fucked more and more by the government, which only cares about getting richer and paying off the military. The poor people are getting screwed, every generation, I'm tired of it. I grew up hearing things from my parents like 'Our next life will be better.' I'm like there is no fuckin' next life, you make this life better."

One of the chronic problems in the world is racism. Too often this complex issue is given a dumb-ass, token, PC muzzle then forgotten about. Max and I spoke about how important this issue is for the

youth of today to grapple with and how intertwined it is with economic disparity.

"There is a lot of racism in Brazil, not as much as here, but there is a lot. The Indians get screwed, nobody likes them because they've been here forever and never change. Which I respect so much man, really. But the Brazilian people think they should change, cut their hair, wear a suit and go to work in business. That's bullshit! They've been living that way for many years, anyway there is racism towards the Indians, there is racism between white and black. But the biggest problem of all is between the poor and the rich."

Sepultura are well known in their home country for their activism with the millions of Brazilians who live in ghettos. Champions of the poor, the band have been using their fame to voice the problems these people are facing. Not only to the Brazilian government but to people around the world. When I mentioned this to Max and asked him about his popular support in his native country, he was modest.

"We are bigger in Europe than


anywhere else. We are not as big in Brazil because we don't sing in Portuguese, but the music is pretty well accepted. Politically we criticize the Brazilian government for all the bullshit they do to the people, the poor mainly. A lot of the people from the ghetto support us because of that."

Every time I listen to *Roots* I am blown away by the power and innovation these guys have shown in transcending the musical genre that gave birth to them. There are no categories that can hold Sepultura, they have created their own. Combining Indian chanting and percussion with samba beats, and then adding their signature power metal, Sepultura have created a revolutionary piece of music. With this album they will gain a whole new school of fans. More people will be exposed to their songs and to what they have to say. Listen up! It is imperative we don't screw up the way the last generation did.

"I was born stubborn. I won't let the system change me, my ideas, my ideals. We are proud to be different from the rest. We don't let people change us. We act."

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Cibo Matto, Starbean
 Cabaret (Montreal, Quebec)
 April 25th, 1996

This show was one of the best yet at Montreal's Cabaret and, surprisingly enough, the place still wasn't packed. NYC's Japanese-rap connection, Cibo Matto, put on an action-packed performance beginning their set with sample break-beats from disc and ending with an all-star, full-band assault. Including guests ranging from the Blues Explosion's Russell Simmins on drums, to Sean Lennon (that's right) on "rock-out" bass, to vocalist, Miho Hatori's spoken word piece on Keanu Reeve's proficiency for making her vomit, Cibo Matto dominated the stage with a stellar performance in every category. Playing everything off of their WEA album, Viva! La Woman, as well as a few stand-outs including a hip-hop rendition of "Major Tom," this duo eluded the indie/major label conflict by producing music that was energetic, enticing, and all-around fun to experience from both sides of music's monetary divide. Montreal's Starbean opened the show with a raucous art-piece that involved playing a few songs with the curtain still up, transforming two audience members into human baked-potatoes (covering them with aluminum foil), having them escape like Jiffy pop, and setting the entire performance to an instructional record with a locked groove.

—Jonah Brucker-Cohen



Frank Black
 First Avenue (Minneapolis, MN)
 April 13th, 1996

The round mound of sound charged a packed crowd of adoring zealots Saturday night and gave them 25 more reasons to believe in UFOs. Frank was stormin' and even though his guitarist might've looked more at home backing Bryan Adams, the strangeness and solidity of his tunes horsepowered the chrome-domed rocker through 75 minutes and three encores. Despite said lead guitarist (Lyle Workman, the Peter Jennings of sidemen), and a crowd that clearly would've loved a half-hour of Black doing Three Stooges impressions, the former Pixies leader pushed on, sweating buckets, muffing lyrics (in one notable instance he blew the lone verse of "Headache" and abandoned the entire tune in favor of "Abstract Plain") and knocking his Telecasters out of tune in unnecessary attempts to rock just a little bit harder. Already one of the finest songwriters too rarely heard on the radio, Frank felt obligated to justify his rep with onstage fury. Bless him.



Voice Magazine Tenth Anniversary/ SSG showcase
 Café So (Montreal, Quebec)
 April 26th, 1996

I wasn't invited to the Voice's tenth anniversary party but decided to try to sneak in. Luckily the doorman (Kylie) had done an entire cap of mescaline and was lying in a pool of his own barf.

They were giving out lots of free booze so I had a bit of trouble remembering exactly what happened. There were two hip hop DJ's (Cream and Moss Man) followed by The Voice trio Suroosh, Shane and Gavin (also the pioneers of SSG records) who M.C.'d the show dressed as Superman, Batman and Robin respectively. There was a bunch of bands: Maury Povitch 3, The Ultraviolet Booze Catastrophe and Paper Route (all on SSG records). After the bands (and some freak who sang "Total Eclipse of the Heart" dressed as a Mexican wrestler) Musique Plus left and there were these two babes with huge breasts doing a sexy lesbian dance to some fire breathing hippie guy. This was easily the highlight of the show because you could tell it was really dangerous. I was so stoned by two AM I tried to go home but I couldn't miss Dubmatique, John Beanhead of Starbean dressed as a radioactive alien and, finally, at about 3:30 in the morning Rick Trembles doing a slide show called "How Did I Get So Anal" in drag with the Corpuse guitarist guy doing freaky solos. Definitely one of the best parties of the year, the only bad part was the hangover.

—Francis Nixon



Cella Dwellas
 Realms and Reality
 Loud/BMG

All 'bout day to day, an' the every day Phantasm an' Ug bustin' out all that jazz. Gots the imagination of Tribe an' De La Soul goin' on, Brooklyn in the house! Loud is pumpin' out the platinum Mobb Deep, Rae, Wu and now the latest, Cella Dwellas followin' in the tradition, know what I'm sayin'? You don't make all that money 'bein wack. So check it out kid.

—Linton

MC Eiht
 Death Threatz
 Epic/Sony

West side, smooth track comin' outta' Compton. Been hittin' out the gold cuz all the Gs pickin' it up listenin' to the bombs that Eiht dropped for It's a Compton Thing and the Menace II Society and Boyz in the Hood soundtracks. Death Threatz is all funk and bass in a west coast groove with rhymes thicker than Tyson. West coast, East coast, whatever, this shit is velvet dope. —Linton

Money Mark
 Third Version EP
 Mo Wax Import

Beastie Boys
 The In Sound From The Way Out!
 Grand Royal/Capitol/EMI

Two releases closely knitted due to the fact that Mark Ramos Nishita plays a big role in both. As Money Mark he records and plays all the compositions himself. Mostly instrumental, his solo output is drenched in dusty keyboards, buzzy notes and smooth crooning, evoking early '70s soundtracks that were more memorable than the films themselves (ie: Superfly, Shaft). This EP is more cohesive than last year's full length which was more like scattered snippets than fully fleshed ideas.

It's no coincidence that Nishita co-wrote all the instrumentals on The Beastie Boys' The In Sound..., a compilation of all their non-vocal output which have turned up on previous releases, plus some unreleased material. Considered the fifth Beastie after DJ Hurricane, Nishita's input on these tracks proves that The Beasties are multi-talented, and that their musicianship is often over-looked due to the public's view of them as snotty hip-hoppers. These two records work hand in hand in terms of style and context, and prove to be the perfect companion when attempting your household chores. —Fred Quimby



16
 Drop Out
 Theologian/Cargo

A deeply dark, twisted, disturbing nightmare of drugs, alcohol and hockey set to a mixture of beats recalling Sabbath, a less anal Helmet and a bit of Neurosis to enhance the hopeless downward spiral. Ugly. —Coinner

Anal Cunt
 40 More Reasons To Hate Us
 Earache/Cargo

Seth Putnam and the AC boys are back with another blast of glorious bulldozer noise. I'm not sure which two of the forty-two tracks, in just over thirty minutes, are not reasons to hate them. "Kill women"

reviews

and "I Hope You Get Deported" probably aren't them. Check your political correctness at the door. Oh yeah, Phil Anselmo sings backup if anyone gives a crap. Fuck you.

—Coinner

Grim Skunk
Meltdown
A.S.A./Cargo

In Montreal these boys are gods, causing riots whenever and wherever they play. This disk will be the one that brings Skunkfever to the rest of North America. Punk fusion with an organ straight from Jesus these boys can rock it hard or take it slow. Check out "Rigpa" and know what "new music" really means. "Dope Vibe Moon" kicks ass!!!! Definitely one of the best bands in Canada, Grim Skunk will be taking over man. Wait for their conquest with a spliff in your mouth and Meltdown on your player. —Frank Lemont

Today is the Day

Self-Titled
Amphetamine Reptile

Kinda sounds like Ministry stripped down, without all their crappy effects. Reminds me of Jane's Addiction, hold on now, not in a bad way, but that Nothing's Shocking wall of noise coming from melody stuff, before they became a frat band. These guys are pretty good and I would expect nothing less from AmRep. It didn't blow me away, but then again I listened to about fifty shit CDs before I found one that was alright and it was this release. So if you like noise/punk/industrial type stuff then this is for you. —Judd Welm



Moonshake

Cranes
C/Z/BMG

Moonshake were doing that Tricky Portishead stuff before anybody and now, with the departure of Margaret Fielder, Dave Callahan and the boys are finally getting paid. Cranes is their ninth release (it came out just before Dirty & Divine) and goes from a dub version of The The to Morrissey singing for Massive Attack. —Motard

DJ Spooky

Songs of a Dead Dreamer
Asphodel

This is the shit! Plain and simple. Spooky? You better believe it! Just under seventy-five minutes of pure eeriness. Songs of a Dead Dreamer is all over the place, laden with really heavy DVB vibes. Muslimgauze and Scorn come to mind through Spooky's use of tribal beats and ambient soundscapes, yet it remains fresh and exciting. DJ Spooky's message is exhausting, both musically and lyrically in the nearly book length liner notes. Next to Scorn's Ellipsis this is my favourite disc of the genre. —Gary Worsley



Bob Mould

Self-titled
Rykodisc/Denon

Ol' Bubba Mould is back with another tearjerker that could even make Charlton Heston get a little weepy. Having gone through some growing pains with his first couple of solo outings, Bubba is finally finding the middle ground between his self-indulgent solo work and his rockin' days in Sugar and the immortal Hüsker Dü. Bob is continuing to use his music as a catharsis while keeping it rocking. Now

if we could only get Grant Hart's shit together. —Rufus Hitler

Boobytrap! Vol. 1

Double 7" Compilation
Derivative

This is probably the classiest seven inch package I've ever seen. The design concept "borrowed" from the Impulse jazz label, Boobytrap! Vol. 1 is the first in what is to be a series of double seven inch compilations coming out on Derivative. Indie kids around the world will be weeping tears of joy for Starbean's song "No Earthly Means of Transportation," which makes you feel like you're fifteen years old and listening to Power, Corruption and Lies for the first time.

Saturnine are a rockin' and poppy NYC-based outfit whose guitarist, Jennifer, is a complete babe. Their song "Compromised" is pretty good too. Vinyl number two has the babe from Saturnine's brother, Jeff, playing guitar for The Ladybug Transistor, a Brooklyn-based outfit that plays extremely warped indie rock. The final side has the now broken up Blaise Pascal singing a sad mid-tempo piece about Vancouver's shipping district; 'a song for all waterways.' Without a doubt Boobytrap! is worth every fucking penny. —Darrin Alberty

Sackville

Low Ebb EP
Mag Wheel

The Handsome Family

Milk and Scissors
Carrot Top

While the general public can't keep their eyes off Shania Twain's bellybutton and housewives swoon over Garth Brooks' baby blues, country music has crept into the cities and has been transformed into the dark expression it once was.

Sackville understand this music for its core; unsettling and questioning. On Low Ebb, these urban dwellers manage to capture spirit without sounding hokey and replaced rhinestones with dirty boots. Melding country tempos with a sonic flavour, creative arrangements, and understated production values, brooding ballads are Sackville's strength, violins twirling in and around arrangements while the rhythm, punctuated by sad guitars, stays steady and solid. They prove you don't need to be an Okie from Miskokie to understand the true foundations country was built on.

While Sackville sound urbanized, Chicago's The Handsome Family capture more of a 'truck stop' feel in their attempts and come across like pure traditionalists. Vocalist Brett Spark's deep, melancholic baritone gives everything a sour edge. Fact is, this is a pretty depressing record, hence, it's a great country record. This is music born out of the Great Depression and far removed from today's mainstream and pasteurized version. On "Drunk By Noon," Sparks croaks "Sometimes I can't wait to come down with cancer, at least then I'll get to watch TV all day." Not exactly "Achy Breaky Heart" now is it? An album of bared scars, hopes, and fears for all to see. Country music as it's supposed to be. —Fred Quimby

Smog

Kicking a Couple Around EP
Drag City

Nothing but a few loose strokes of barely there rhythms baste this delicate recording of stunted beauty. It's just Callahan, as his usual dismal self, soulfully engaged in a spoken warble of chilling broken anthems. Eerie melodies and fantastically ominous themes feed a jaded

mood of discontent as the master of foggy no-fi takes you down low and leaves you wistfully lolling in hazy, romantic destitution. —Ilana Kronick

Swirlies

They spent their wild youthful days in the glittering world of the salons
Taang!

After one album and two EPs on the Massachusetts based, San Diego implanted, Taang! Records, this Boston quartet has finally released new material after a two year hiatus. With a plethora of line-up changes, most notably the departure of singer/guitarist Seana Carmody, who left the band to pursue her solo project (Syrup USA) and drummer Ben Drucker, the Swirlies have managed to acquire a fine array of musicians to take their places. Adding everything from a Yamaha CS-50 to a micromog to a Jupiter-6, newcomers Christina Files and Anthony DeLuca have reconstructed the neo-pop scrapings that made the band's previous records so enticing. Songs like "In her many new found freedoms" and "San Cristobal de Lacasas" are catchy in their vocal dynamics and drum/guitar synchronization. The Swirlies succeed in their concoctions by mixing traditional pop formulas with an eclectic assortment of sound effects. The final result is mastery. —Jonah Bruckner-Cohen

The Handsome Family



Milk and Scissors



Various Artists

The Lounge Ax Defense & Relocation CD
Touch & Go

Faced with a fight that Montreal's own Cafe Campus dealt with a few years ago, Chicago's Lounge Ax showbar (reputed to be among the best on the underground circuit) is up against police harassment for noise complaints and outdated zoning bylaws. In a gesture of community spirit,

patrons and performers alike donated tracks and manufacturing costs to this benefit CD, with all profits going towards the club's legal defense fund. Pull up a stool for new and unreleased shots of Tortoise, Bad Livers, Coctails, Guided by Voices, Sebadoh, and The Jesus Lizard — or hell, Shellac's ballistic eighty-four second "Killers" is reason enough alone to donate to their cause, even if you never make it there yourself. —Twister



Shuttlecocks/Heatseekers (Split 7")

Les Strip Tease des Sept Girls
7 inches of Pleasure

If you're a desert seeker lookin' for rock-'n'-roll to get your engine a huffin' and a puffin', check out this Toronto musical explosion. The Shuttlecocks will get you dancin' on the hood of yer car 'til you dry-heave and fall flat on yer face. These four 'hotrod Hoodlums' have fuzz, soul and chaos and chaos of raunch.

The Heatseekers (ex-Suckerpunched drummer and a Shadowy Man from a Shadowy Planet) are a surfy, sandshark-like trio who provide a nice soothing track alongside a crazier train wreck. They have broken up since, so check out some history even if you've heard this shit before. —Capt. Arish

Stereolab

Emperor Tomato Ketchup
Elektra/Warner

If this was a perfect world Stereolab would rule radio from coast to coast. This band has the ability to touch something deep inside the pop appreciation part of this reviewer's brain like no one else. This UK-French troupe of musicians have expanded their parameters of pop even more with this latest record. While I delighted in their one chord drones of the past, the majority of Emperor is more tightly knit and not as stretchy in composition. The opening "Metronomic Underground" sets the pace for a joyride through bubbly compositions, blurring lines between kraut-rock, trip-hop, '60s pop and stereo test patterns among other things. Laetitia Sadier's half-French, half-English sung lyrics gives a certain lift to everything and lyrically the band is politically motivated, an often overlooked aspect buried by the actual music. Possibly their finest yet. —Fred Quimby

Tribe 8

Snarkism
Alternative Tentacles

Tight hardcore, all grrrr, all dyke, fuckin' right. I saw these babes when I was down South and had to buy some new panties after the show, so thick did my cream flow. I've been waiting for this disk for a while, so I can go home and listen to songs about strap-ons and spend some quality time with myself. "Silly faggot dicks are for dykes." Snarkism rocks!!! Funny, sexy and punk, what more could you want? Hell, they even have a violin. —Sophia



Brother JT & Vibrolux

Music for the Other Head
Siltbreeze

Welcome to the wickedly warped world of Brother JT where oozing sludge-rock guitars and humid, hippie-chic jazz rhythms set the stage for a ruthless onslaught of mind-bending mantras, wound in rounds for your mental raveling pleasure. Twenty minutes of intense sadistic seduction make the highly hypnotic "Comet" a most challenging listen. But three gluey songs later, you're swooning to the groove and by the time "Mind (rot)" seeps into your headspace, it's too late: "I don't mind if you go out of your mind if you don't mind if I go out of mine." Mind? Mind... Mined... Mine'd... My'nd... My-and... Mind... Mindy? Don't think so. —Ilana Kronick

Marilyn Manson

Smells Like Children
Interscope/MCA

I'm scared of Marilyn Manson. They are very weird. They all look like transsexual homeless people from the planet Arterus and Smells Like Children sounds like an industrial scream rock with enough spooky samples and experimental songs to give you a bad acid trip. Sometimes when my Mom doesn't let me go out I tell her to piss off and blare "Sweet Dreams (are made of this)" and "Rock 'n Roll Nigger" full blast. —Christi Bradnox

Sportsguitar

fade I cliché
Derivative

If their sport is guitar then Olympic champions they should be. Very listenable, interesting, stylish tunes that catch you in hooks as sharp as sonics can hone. If people had any taste in music these guys would be played on all those AM stations instead of Oasis. Thank god people are stupid though because it means these guys can be our secret password into the cool club. —Shane Smith



Dub Syndicate

Ital Breakfast
U Sound/Cargo

Finally - Wicked new dub in a '96 style. Produced by Style Scot and Adrian Sherwood (now head of production at EMI), this has to be one of the best releases I've heard from the Syndicate. Though it may not be for da techno people. The tracks have a strong musical edge but there are enough clicks, beeps, and delays to satisfy even the purist of dub reggae fans. A definite hot pick for the summer. Respect!! —MossMan

Jah Stitch

Original Ragga Muffin (1975-77)
Blood and Fire/Cargo

Now a little reggae schoolin' — a deejay is someone who chants and toasts over dubs and in between songs which a "Selector" (not a DJ) spins. Together they are what's known as a "Sound System" (the biggest one now being Stone Love) U. Roy was the first to put lyrics to wax way back in 1969, the roots of what is now known as rap. Jah Stitch was one the top DJs during the mid-'70s. Few deejays would test and rightly so, versatility was his and 'nuff times Jah would rain victories at the end of a "Sound Clash." This disk documents his conscious vibes. Peep this one for positive inspiration. Jah rule every time. —MossMan

The Jesus Lizard

SHOT

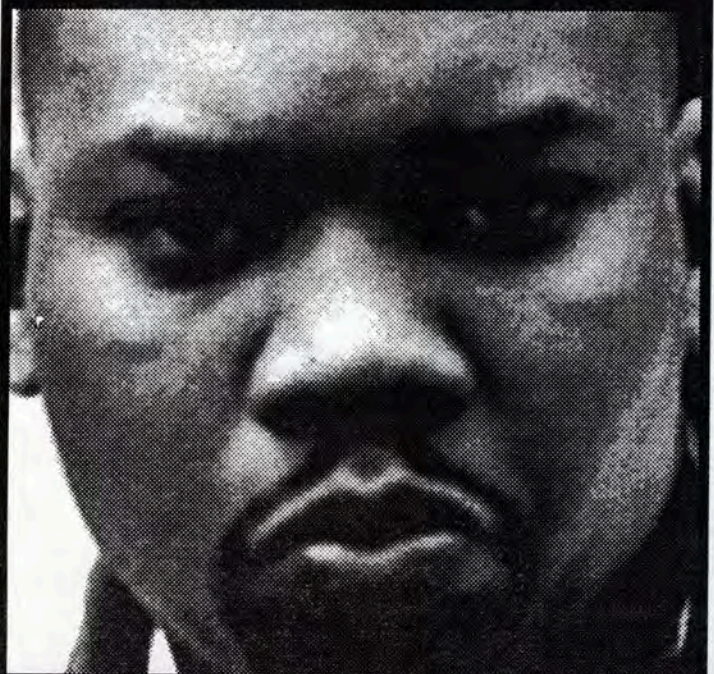
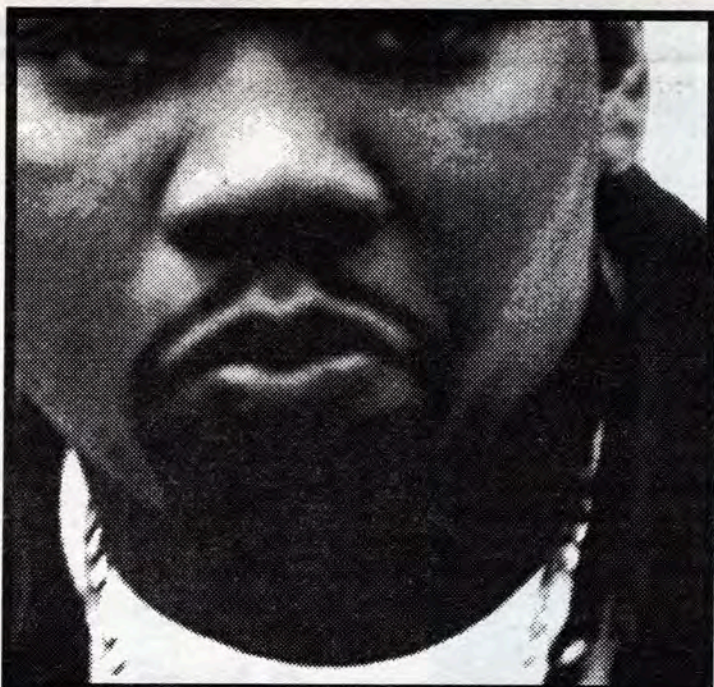


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RAEKWON



Voice: Can you tell me about Shaolin (Staten Island)?

Chef Raekwon: It's like this, Shaolin is the home where everything originally started from. Shaolin is the mental, Wu-Tang is the physical, which is the style that comes out of us. You know what I mean? See when you break down each letter in Wu-tang what you got? Witty, unpredictable, talent and natural game. That describes Wu. Cuz if you ever been around us you see that muthafuckas is witty, one nigga might be unpredictable and this nigga right here got madd game. You know we got talent. Yo man it's just a self-organized business that we running right now. This shit is in the heart. This is ten years worth of fucking business. Shaolin is just the homefront man, that's where it started from, that's the mental right there, kid.

Do you take elements directly from Chinese Shaolin philosophy?

Only as far as the brotherhood, how each brother look out for the next brother. Cuz yo, when you be looking at the karate flicks, they livin' a regular life as we livin'. Somebody get hurt, they come to they aid. That's what you need right now, represent in numbers. So long as you got numbers you can control something. If all dem niggas is working like one mind, with the right niggas behind you, you can rule the world. That's what I respect. One of their parents die, dem niggas is gonna revenge that shit, just like if some-

one burned one of our brothers. Basically it's just brotherhood, love and trust. That's the best shit in the world right there.

The Wu has respect, the albums are doing well and financially you're becoming stronger and more secure, earlier tonight you said that it's for the babies.

Puttin' it back in, that's what I'm telling you, what we do, this shit it paying off for his babies, his babies, the whole Wu babies, the babies after they babies, you know what I mean? It's a legacy man. Like I said, people might not respect how we roll with our shit, but yo, one thing they can say is, we the most down to earth muthafuckas you can meet. We bringin' it back to the really realism of the shit. Showin' niggas, "hey, I can do it you can do it." All I want is that niggas allow me to speak, I'm gonna speak it, I'm gonna be myself at all times. Fuck that!! (a chorus of "word!, word!, word!" from the posse). Cuz when this rap shit is over with I got to go back home, man. I got to be back in my people's hands, cuz they dependent on me like that. You

know what I mean, so fuck that! I ain't gonna never feel star-studded where I'm comin' in with glasses and six bodyguards around me. That's played out, son, that shit is played out! We're dealing with the nineties now, it's a whole different ballgame. I'd rather be around my brothers man, my people. I like it like that. Cuz it shows that I ain't goin' nowhere. I ain't tryin' to go nowhere. Keep it right in the hood. Word up. That's what it's all about nigga.

So everyone's been saying "Keep it real," but for you is it more about staying true to yourself?

That's the first step, keep it real with yourself. Don't let this shit get above yo head. Even when they try to get you on some too much corporate shit, you can't even go for that. When they look at you all they see is money. Millions, they see millions. If you need some money on a bad or rainy day you can come and see me. That's what I look for. Help me when I need help. Show me where you at when it's rainy days. That's why I made songs like that, to let muthafuckas know, when you doin' good, you can do bad. That's when you can really see where your friends is at.

So how big is the brotherhood now, the Wu-tang clan, the family?

Like I said man, it's a legacy, we got babies that's coming into this shit that's blowin' up, and they trainin' right now. You'll hear about them soon, brothas like Killa Army, Sunz of Man, they're all branches off this Wu shit. Shyheim's shit is coming together, his album is gettin ready to drop. So basically, Wu-Tang man, we're here.

And you guys are hooking up with Mobb Deep in Queensbridge?

Yeah, they show love. They're youth to me, but they're smart and they know what time it is. And they get respect where respect is due. That's what it's all about, keepin' it real with 'em. If a nigga gonna come up to me and say, "yo, son, I like your style, son." I'm gonna be like, yo, I like this style too nigga. For real! I don't want none of that star-studded shit, fuck that! Shit like Michael Jackson, Luther, and Whitney and them. Them is the real stars. All we got is a little fraction. Know what I'm sayin'? Know what I'm sayin! Come on man, they're the stars. I'm just a rap scholar, that's all. When I get a chance to speak I'm just gonna speak with authority.

What are your personal spiritual beliefs?

I study Islam, Islam is like a way of life with me. It shows me how to apply whatever I'm dealing with to everyday life. Without knowledge, wisdom, and understanding, you have nothing. You could have all the money in the world but if you can't use your brain and see what the fuck you really dealing with that money ain't shit! That shit is an illusion of luxury anyway. In a minute there ain't gonna be no more money. That's an illusion. Long as you know what time it is with yourself and know that you're

going to be dealing with love, peace, and happiness; food, clothing and shelter; and knowledge, wisdom and understanding, nobody can stop you, man. You don't gotta go to school to be a smart man. All you gotta do is pay attention and through the knowledge you do the things that's right. And be ready for whatever whatever. Experience is the best teacher right?

Did you learn this through your own personal experience?

I learned this from my brothers. I grew up without an ol' daddy, so we was each other's family, brothers, and fathers. I go back to them, I take his word on it and say "what you think I should do." If I can't have niggas around me that are tryin' to look out for me, then what good is it? It's all about love and trust. Especially around niggas that you love that claim they love you. If you ain't got dem two right there, then you ain't got shit. Cuz once all the glam and the glitter is gone, they gon' be gone. It's best to find out right now who down with you. For real.

What about the Wu-Gambinos?

Yeah, no doubt! You know the Gambino family. Just for anybody who doesn't think it's gonna happen it's happenin' man. Every Wu member is gonna get on that album. So don't even worry about it, cuz I know everybody's wonderin', since this man came out with his shit, and this man came out with his shit. Cuz yo man, we just in this shit to just keep rhymin', rhymin' and pay our bills. Niggas got bills. That's when you grow up and really be a man, when you like, "oh shit, I gotta pay my rent, I gotta pay this for my phone." No more "little kid," we payin' taxes now, SHIT IS REAL!!! Never fuckin' paid taxes, never had shit to pay taxes for. Anything I was getting was tax-free. Now as you get older, you get wiser, and smarter and you can see what the fuck is going on, man. So really, a lot of rap niggas what they gotta do is just grow up. Take it for real, if you in it and you makin' it happen, bring it back around your way and do good with it.

Puttin' it back into the community and family...

Yeah, that's why we came out with Wu-Wear. Ain't nobody's hands in that but our hands. I ain't the nigga behind the counter on some \$18.75 shit, I ain't that nigga, that's just our department there. I come through I pay too, fuck that! I pay too. We're into shit like trust-funds, little foundations for poverty kids. You're gonna start hearing our name up on the shit like that. We in this shit to make dough and just survive. Know what I mean?

The Wu-Tang Clan has basically every major record company in the world working for you, was it planned that way?

That was the plan, to be able to say "well yo, we gonna take the most powerfulest labels and make 'em all work together for us. They know they're gonna get theirs ten times as much as we get and, with all the labels working together with us, it just makes us stronger.

And then you put it back in...

Gotta put it back in!

interview by Suroosh Y. Alvi

Chef Raekwon has been the most successful hardcore hip hop artist in Canada this past year. Apart from crossover artists like Coolio, the sales for *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx* surpassed almost all, including the Wu-Tang Clan's *36 Chambers* and A Tribe Called Quest's *Midnight Marauders*. His most recent performance in Montreal was his first solo performance ever and despite not having the collective back of Ghostface Killer, Master Killa or Cappuchino, Raekwon held his own, using the audience as back-up, and proving himself to be the skill King. We met in the dressing room after the concert, where surrounded by a blunt smoking posse, Chef Raekwon held court and schooled me in science.

CARTEL HIP-HOP ART MAFIA

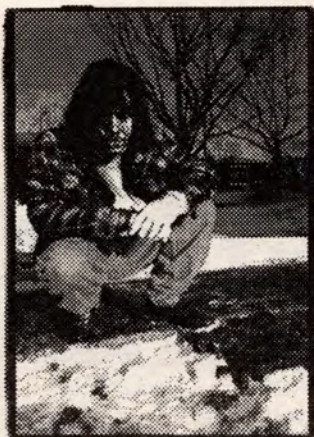
by Cheeba

Cartel is a name that speaks for itself; a group of individuals who come together to regulate a particular business. When it comes to designing visuals for the rap world, Cartel, the hip-hop art mafia, have proven to be some of the most sought after visual gangsters on the scene.

Now hold up a minute, maybe looking at photo and design credits on album covers is about as important to you as where the sleeve was printed, but whether you're aware of it or not, the visual style of an album cover has an impact on your perception of what the music is about. Sure, a recognized artist could put out their product in plain brown packaging and people would still buy it, but I think it would be kind of a let down. What can match the thrill of buying a new joint by your favorite artist, taking it home, ripping off the shrink wrap and perusing it over and over as you listen to the music for the first time?

For photographer Daniel Hastings and his Cartel design cronies, the thrill comes from setting it off visually with as much thrust as the music his images represent. Born in California, but raised in Panama, Hastings developed an interest in photography thanks an uncle in the business who gave him his first camera as a boy. Go back to the explosion of hip-hop's new school artists in '88/'89 and you'll find the connection that brought Hastings to New York. It was his love of the music that lead him to shoot some of the dopest album covers of the '90s. Raekwon, Keith Murray, Krs-One, Jeru Tha Damaja, Frankie Cutlass, Jodeci, etc... the list goes on and on. In addition, Hastings is a regular contributor to *RapPages*, again representing to the fullest his own unique vision of the hip-hop "look."

Cartel, whose eight members are all of hispanic descent, each have their role within the group.



Daniel Hastings' self-portrait.

Miguel Rivera does the majority of the graphic design work, while Christian Cortes creates logos and co-ordinates the ill sets used for photo and video shoots. With Cartel this often under-acknowledged, but never overlooked contribution to hip-hop culture, is meaningful in the sense that this art comes from those within the community, thus assuring its authenticity.



Frankie Cutlass *Boriquas On Da Set* 12" 1995
Photo: Daniel Hastings. Design: Culebra.



Krs-One *Krs-One Album* 1995
Photo: Daniel Hastings. Design: Miguel Rivera.



Raekwon *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx* Album 1995
Photo: Daniel Hastings. Design: Miguel Rivera.
Set and Logo Design: Christian Cortes.

street beats

On the R&B tip this month look out for the "new" sound of Motown, as Andre Harrel delivers the goods by way of Horace Brown and his slammin' single *One For The Money*. That *Mysterious Vibes* sample does it every time. In a similar style is Silas recording artist Jesse Powell and his hit *All I Need*. This is the label that brought you Aaron Hall's solo work, as well as Chanté Moore. SWV are back with a new single *You're The One*, which demonstrates nicely how they got their name, look out for the full length album *New Beginning* on RCA/BMG.

LL is still *Do It*, so check it out if you haven't done so yet. MC Lyte and Xscape team up for a cut off the *Sunset Park* soundtrack, it's good to hear from one of the game's female pioneers again, so *Keep On Keepin' On*. As for the rest of the soundtrack, I don't know, these things are starting to fall into some serious formula shit that is really just like musical fast food. Not to say *Sunset Park* doesn't offer some good tracks. *Motherless Child* by Ghostface and Raekwon is a boomin'

slice of pure RZA madness, proving once again why this is the click you don't want to fuck with. Tha Dogg Pound are *Just Doggin'* to a typical left-coast funk track, while Adina Howard, Aaliyah and Groove Theory each deliver their own more smoothed out flavor.

The long anticipated *Lost Boyz* album should be out very soon, but expect a vinyl-only twelve-inch in the meantime. Delays caused by Uptown's internal shuffle, that saw Heavy D become CEO, were further held up when MCA, Uptown's parent company decided to form Universal Records, which will distribute *Legal Drug Money*.

I recently received a package of wax from Thump Records that contained tracks by artists I'd seen advertised in *Low Rider* but, due to all this East vs West non-sense, I'd never heard before. Most notable is Slow Pain, with his funky up-tempo party track, *On The Left On The Right, Slow Pain Baby*. If you like that Zapp kind of feel, this one is worth a listen. Chicano-funk for your trunk.

PMP and Loud Records have joined forces in bringing *Delinquent Habits*, a fairly decent effort that sees former Cypress Hill Latin linguist Sen Dog as executive producer. Keep your ears open for more on that one.

On the subject of this whole East Vs. West debate, check out the new *Source* cover story to find out what the artists themselves think of the whole mess. Also in the same issue, is a spotlight on Toronto's hip-hop scene. Nice to see Canada get a little nod in the hip-hop bible.

Also of interest are full lengths by Cella Dwellas, Smoother Da Hustler, Geto Boys and MC Eiht. Plus singles by Mad Lion and Royal Flush. Watch for new tracks coming out soon by A Tribe Called Quest and De La Soul. The bomb is about to drop as Raekwon announced at his recent Montreal appearance that solo joints by several Wu members will drop by summers' end, plus a new full-length Clan effort is also in the works.

-S. Briscoe

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MOONSHAKE

Employing contorted funk rhythms, dub bass explorations, free-jazz brass dissonance and unbeholden to guitars, Moonshake found rich veins of musical expression through rootless cosmopolitanism.

Alternative Press

Moonshake's dense, ominous songs find new amalgams of rhythm and noise. They combine the dissonant constructions of progressive rock, the hallucinatory soundscapes of ambient music and the deep-bottomed syncopations of dance music.

New York Times

Vivid, intense, discomforting, where truculent avant-rock is brilliantly mangled with hip-hop, dub, free jazz, bhangra and a sense-scrambling barrage of samples. Ambitious stuff.

NME



Dirty & Divine

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SHAKE THE RECORD LABEL

RECORDINGS FOR DEVIANTS

by Johnson Cummins

The Shaggs
The Shaggs
Red Rooster/Rounder

The first two Shaggs albums *Philosophy of the World* and *Shaggs Own Thing* were heralded by many as some of the worst shit to ever be committed to vinyl. After three decades The Shaggs are still enjoying their title but are now taking it into the arena of compact disc.

In the late '60s most of the world had its eyes on Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers who were holding press conferences clutching on to their AK-47s, or on the community of Watts which laid in shambles after riots broke out and a police state had to be ushered in. These were times when the youth were rising up against war and oppression only to be knocked down by a police billy club. A time when the drugs of choice were speed and heroin. While most of the world was screaming for change a small group of rather plump sisters from Fremont, New Hampshire were singing songs about pet cats, unconditional love and the virtues of respecting your parents.

Before The Shaggs even had a chance



to learn how to tune their guitars their father whisked them into a recording studio to, in his words, get them while they were hot. Musically we're treated to a kind of free jazz playing on two different radio stations simultaneously. The percussion work of Helen Wiggin sounds like Maureen Tucker on PCP which is a great accompaniment to the strains of Betty and Dot's incredibly out of tune guitars. My favorite of The Shaggs' elements has

to be the sisters' incredible knack for hitting every note that doesn't appear in the key of the songs. And what are the chances of all three sisters suffering from a speech impediment?

Hopefully we won't have to wait another three decades to hear such songs of innocence, integrity and pure musical vision again. Until that day is upon us pick up this little gem and become a castaway on The Shaggs' musical island.

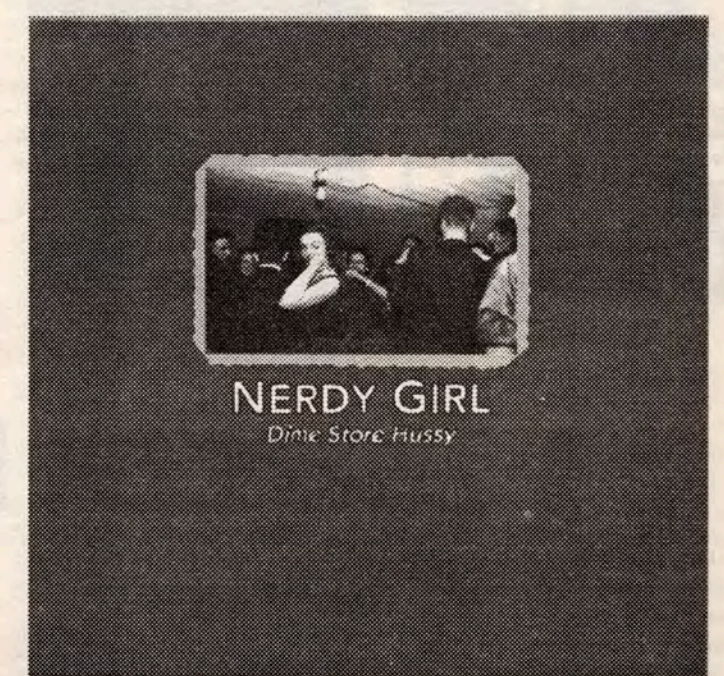
revolutions per minute

Grifters
Slip Knot - Subterranean Death Ride Blues

It seems everytime you sneeze there's a new piece of Grifters music released. *Slip Knot* would sound best with the top down and miles of highway in front of you. Though fun in its rockabilly tempo, it's not one of the Grifters' more stellar moments by any means. *Subterranean Death Ride Blues* creeps along better. Oh-so southern in context and mood, it harkens back to their *Eureka* EP's darker moments. Also, singer Dave Shouse sounds dangerously close to Guided By Voice's Robert Pollard on this one. Limited to 1000 so act quickly. (Super 8 P.O.Box 4203 Boston, Ma 02101)

Nerdy Girl
Dime Store Hussy

Cecil Seaskull and co. offer up three chunks of broken hearted pop, marking Nerdy Girl's first release as a full band. The band (Cecil in particular) has captured the emotional frustration in their music, and will likely end up with a legion of young female fans. It's the sound of young girls in their bedrooms scratching their private thoughts into diaries, hopes of love in their hearts while reality crashes through the door with the unwanted truth. If you've just been dumped or cheated on, throw this on one



and get out the kleenex...
Oh yeah, this comes with a mini comic by our Gabbo...
(Janken Pon - No Life 7070 St.Urbain, Montreal, Que H2S 3E6)

The Make Up
R U A Believer

This continues the Dub Narcotic Disco Plates series of seven inches and in the driver's seat this time around are Washington DC's sleek and suave The Make Up. This new collective sprung from the ashes of The Nation Of Ulysses, who burned brightly for a short time.

As with past disco plates one song is treated to two versions; a 'straight' version and a funky-fucked version on the B-side. I don't know how representative this single is of The Make Up's new material, but singer Ian Svenonius sounds like Prince caught in a head lock while the

band bumps along behind him. Calvin Johnson drops his signature baritone alongside Sveonius on the flip, while elements are stretched out. Just like The Nation Of Ulysses, there seems to be a sense of urgency to everything they do, and despite funkier overtones, they still manage to sound like desperation captured in a jar.
(K Records Box 7154 Olympia, Wa 98507)

UI
Match My Foot / Match My Foot (D-Mix)
New York City trio who add their name to the growing list of post-rock instrumentalists. Bass is the place here, flowing and organic in rhythm. The D-Mix version on the flip ebbs and flows, a soundscape of noise not unlike a rusty, broken blender. The great thing about this single is it works at either 45 or 33, depending on your mood.
(Soul Static Sound UK)



-Fred Quimby



Suzie Who is all fired up because her sisters are throwing themselves at rock stars. Whether she's sincerely concerned about the status of women in rock or just bitter because her boyfriend (Patty, of local ska band The Kingpins) keeps getting hit on, The Voice decided it was time to set her loose.

Hey guys! I think I'll start teaching a course called, "How to get as many women you want to do anything you want, no matter how demeaning." It'll cost \$1000 and will consist of one sentence, "join a band" (please send cheque or money order to Voice Magazine). You knew that, right? So stop sitting around complaining about how no one wants to fuck you and start carrying around a guitar. It doesn't even matter what you look (or smell) like. You can be a three hundred pound pizza face but as long as you're swingin' that case around chicks will be linin' up. If you can't afford a guitar, a harmonica or kazoo will probably do the trick just as well. Just make sure you remember to take it out of your pocket and place it strategically in everyone's line of vision. Then just sit back and wait for someone to grab your balls.

Ball grabbing seems to be the general signal for "Hello. I'll be your groupie for the evening." It's direct and quick. If the lady in question gets rejected she can just go grab the next pair. Musical testicles, just keep groping around the table 'til the music stops! Some poor boys who aren't into the groupie scene have taken to standing with their legs crossed after shows. Other girls are more creative. There were reports of a woman in New York squatting on a beer bottle and picking it up with her snatch while the Kiss cover-band looked on with bored expressions. What skill! God knows I practice and practice. Another groupie in Toronto had two musicians hold their bass player down in the middle of a crowded club so she could give him a blowjob. The doorman had to come pull her off.

What's with these chicks anyhow? This isn't a new phenomena. We all remember the Plaster

Casters and, going way back to King Arthur's court, even Kevin, the lame bard, had his share of action.

Incidentally, most of these bands are not even particularly well known. Some of the punk rock ones even live on the street (Hey baby. C'mon back to my cardboard box). So we can easily assume that the groupies aren't in it for fame or fortune (and no publisher is going to pay you anything for a book about screwing a Nirvana tribute band). Maybe they're hoping that if they compile enough conquests one or two will make it to the top and then they can sue for child support payments or at least the venereal wart cream. Until then all they can do is turn to one of the other five audience members and say "I fucked him" Wow! You too?

Even the Voice's editor has not remained unscathed by band sluts. His former girlfriend slept with Nick Cave. That's not so bad, but then, to add insult to injury, another girlfriend threw away a perfectly good relationship to chase after 90210's Jamie Walters when his band came to Montreal last summer (how embarrassing).

One Ottawa woman we'll call Pamela hopped into a tour van wearing leather pants with Ministry's Al Jorgensen. When he put the moves on her, somewhere on the highway, she told him she just wanted to be friends. He proceeded to scream "You're so fucking boring!!" at her and her friend for several hours but was nice enough not to drop them off on the side of the road.

Not everyone is so lucky. The guitarist of a now defunct Montreal band that rhymes with Twosomes was on the road for seven long years and he didn't get laid once. He's quite bitter about it, especially after watching his fellow teammates in action night after night. The drummer, for example, would sit outside the venue after a show with his head in his hands and wait for a female to ask what was wrong. Then he would seduce her by sharing his insecurities about the Twosomes talent; worked every time.

For the most part, the idea seems to be "Love the one you're with and I won't tell if you don't." It's the least talked about issue in the music scene. Some people obliged with stories of gang bangs and ass fucking in alleyways after shows but only with the reassurance that their names would not be used (except Costa from Blood Sausage. He was the ass-fucking guy. But it was a long, long, time ago when he was a swingin' single). Group sex and casual observers are not uncommon because if you're on tour you're usually all crashing in the same smelly van. People are also reluc-

tant to use the term "slut." Because, according to *Archie, "just 'cus someone helps you out on tour, that doesn't make her a slut." Oh, I'm sorry, were they helping lug equipment too? "Oh yeah. We have girls loading our stuff in the van for us all the time." Alright then, suckersluts. Whatever happened to chivalry and self respect?

Who knows. It's a chick thing. I have yet to hear a tale of a boy picking up anything with his bodily orifices to impress any woman, no matter how well she can wail on her guitar. Last month, a couple of roadies working the Tripping Daisy tour were offered blowjobs in exchange for backstage passes. Which also goes to prove that even association with musicians

will get you head, if you don't mind being the middle man. Nobody, however, offered Carrie and Vicky from the opening band, Goldfish, any cunnilingus. No fair! How come only the chicks are making asses of themselves? I wanna see some dink tricks the next time Seven Year Bitch comes to town.

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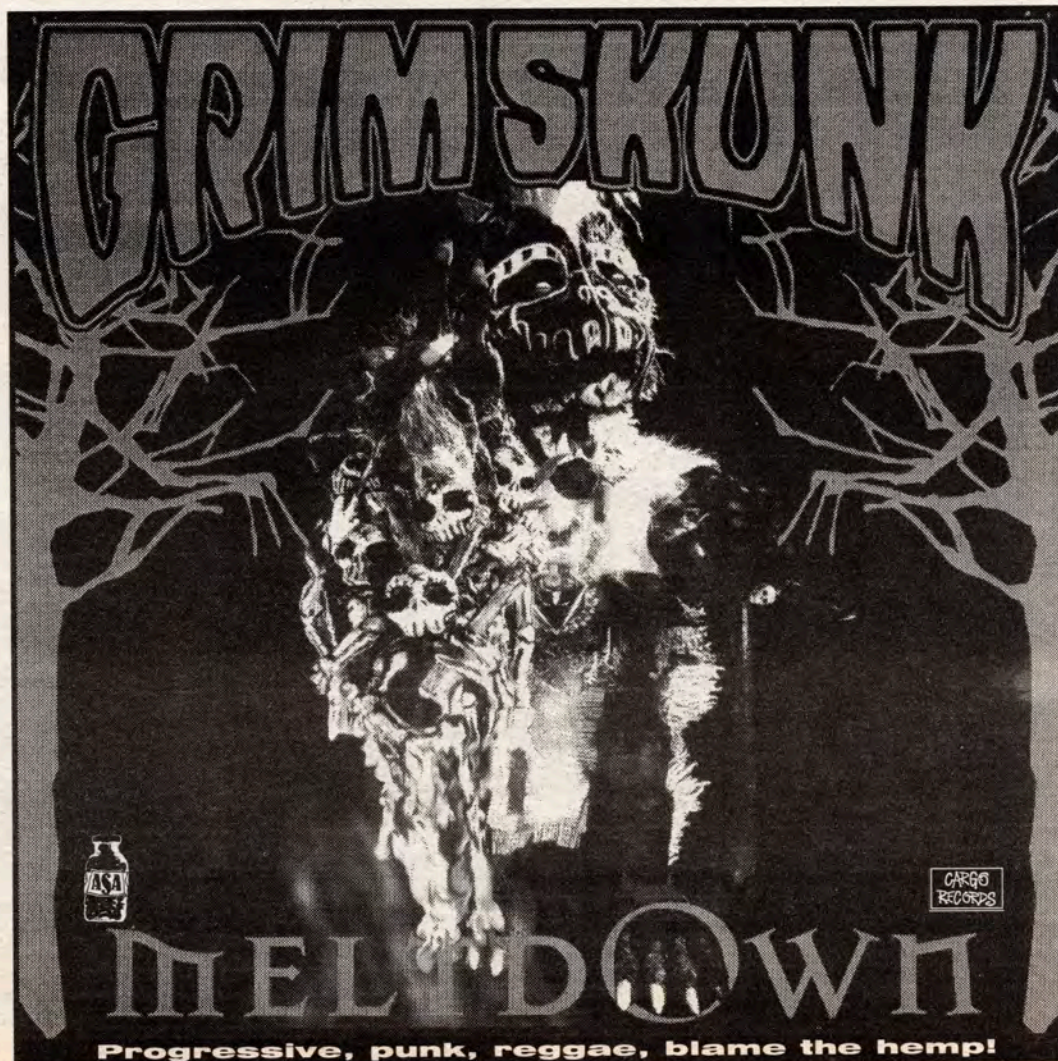
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BURNING THE HOMELESS ALIVE

by Helen Goldstein

New York's Helen Goldstein is studying in San Antonio, Texas and has discovered the new pastime with the kids down there ... murder. Southern teenagers are sneaking up on bums in the middle of the night, covering them with gasoline and lighting them on fire. She agreed to provide The Voice with this exclusive interview which took place in Dallas, Texas, America's murder capital.

There is the war against women, the war against homosexuality and the war against visible minorities. Now there is an even more horrific battle going on — the war against the poor. Classism knows no colour, race or creed and is a universal problem that every human being in the world is exposed to.

America, a state in economic turmoil, seems to be dealing with the poor in a manner more heartless than countries with one tenth its wealth. American youth are burning the homeless alive. What may have started out as an evil prank to alleviate boredom has become a terribly Darwinian solution for a very sad reality. If someone is weak enough to fall victim to murder they deserve to die.

I spoke to one of these self-proclaimed vigilantes and discovered not just a psychotic teenager but a young man who is convinced he is in pursuit of the American dream. The scariest thing about our discussion was the fact that many of his beliefs have been passed down from his parents and that, unfortunately, this particular case is not an isolated one.

The interview was conducted in a laundromat and despite my confrontational questions, I was intimidated by this angry adolescent that will be referred to as Christian. Although his anonymity was guaranteed he seemed paranoid. As the interview progressed, so did his anger and he quickly became loud, cocky, completely without shame and brutally honest. The following is an excerpt of our twenty minute discussion.

What do you think of homeless people?

They're shit. They're useless. I mean it's just the natural progression of things that people get weeded out. That's the way it was a hundred years ago.

And what's your solution?

I don't know.



Photo: Ron Cassens Imaging, Danyel Charité

I hear you burn homeless people is this true?

I've done some things that a lot of other people have done.

You're not answering my question.

It's difficult to explain right? It's not like I go out looking for trouble. It's just that we've got stuff to do and people are doing fuck all with their lives, sucking off our tax money, sittin' on their ass all drunk and pissed. I think we're doing a lot of them a favour.

So in your mind by putting them out of their misery you're doing them a favour?

Uh...well, it's not like this is a common thing that I do all the time, it's just that I know a lot about this because I know a lot of people that did it. All I know is: you see a guy lyin' there, he's so drunk he's half dead already, what the hell. Why not finish him off and put him out of his misery. Shit, y'all would kill a rabbit if it was lyin' there with it's legs all broken, people do that all the time.

How do you do it?

Okay...(long pause) we cover up the little cocksucker in gasoline and just light him up. Half the time they don't even wake up.

Do you differentiate between homeless people and bums or winos?

What's the difference?

Do you see these people as human

garbage?

I think so. It's just the natural scheme of stuff that you have people that are just not meant to live. Like in the old days if a baby wasn't ready to be in the real world you'd just kill it but now we got all this social insurance and all this shit that's dragging our country down the drain because we're trying to help people that don't need help, that don't want help. They need just to be ... they need to be killed.

Do you feel like you're contributing to society by doing this?

I don't know about society. I'm contributing to my neighbourhood. I'm contributing to my family I'm...

Does your family know that you're doing this?

My Dad. I've seen him kick the shit out of people that were just, you know, lying there asking for it. You gotta understand, I don't know where y'all are from but around here ... my Dad is a hard working man, his Dad was a hard working man and then some cocksuckers come 'round taking money and sitting on their ass making our city a piece of shit and the Japanese are just gonna come in here and they're just gonna kick our ass 'cuz we're all lying on the sidewalk, you know what I mean? Our whole country's just lying on the sidewalk and nobody's gonna

do anything about it. The government isn't going to do anything about it. Clinton isn't going to save our ass, we gotta save ourselves and that starts by cleaning up.

And how old are you now?

Seventeen.

Have you ever been to juvenile hall?

I've been to a form of reform school for about five months but that's normal. I'm not a girl you know what I mean, that's what our mother says, she says we're a wild bunch.

Do you realize that you'll go to jail for life if you get caught doing this when you're eighteen?

Look, I'm not stupid right? Besides I know a lot of cops 'round here that know damn well what we do and they think it's all right. When my brother got caught the officer told him to get lost and nobody heard a thing about it. They're cool with it, everyone's cool with it. That's what it comes down to, that's what I think people don't understand.

Everyone's cool with killing people?

It's not killing people it's eusinasie (sic.) or whatever. You're just putting people out of their livin' hell. People do it every day, you know? Look at the emergency ward with some lady crying because her husband has AIDS or whatever, people are asking for it.

No, but would you want people to do that to you if you were on the skids or...

Yeah! Damn right I would! If I was sitting there just leeching, not contributing damn right! First of all my dad would kick my ass if I started to get like that but if I ever end up like that, damn right I should be killed. Fuckin' right!

Do you get satisfaction out of killing people?

Yeah I do. Sure I do. I'm not scared of shit. The first time I did it I guess it freaked me out a little but after awhile you realize it's not a game and it's more a service you're doing for your country. It's a revolution we're fighting against weakness.

This is the American way?

Damn right it's the American way. The American way is about not standing for bullshit, getting the job done and getting back to where we started off. America was built on elbow grease. Right now, you drive around here and you realize America's goin' down the drain because people aren't busting their ass.

What do you want to do with your life?

I want to raise a family, I'm not gonna bother with college or any of that crap. I can make ten times those faggots. Basically, I just want to raise a family you know? Work hard and keep to myself...

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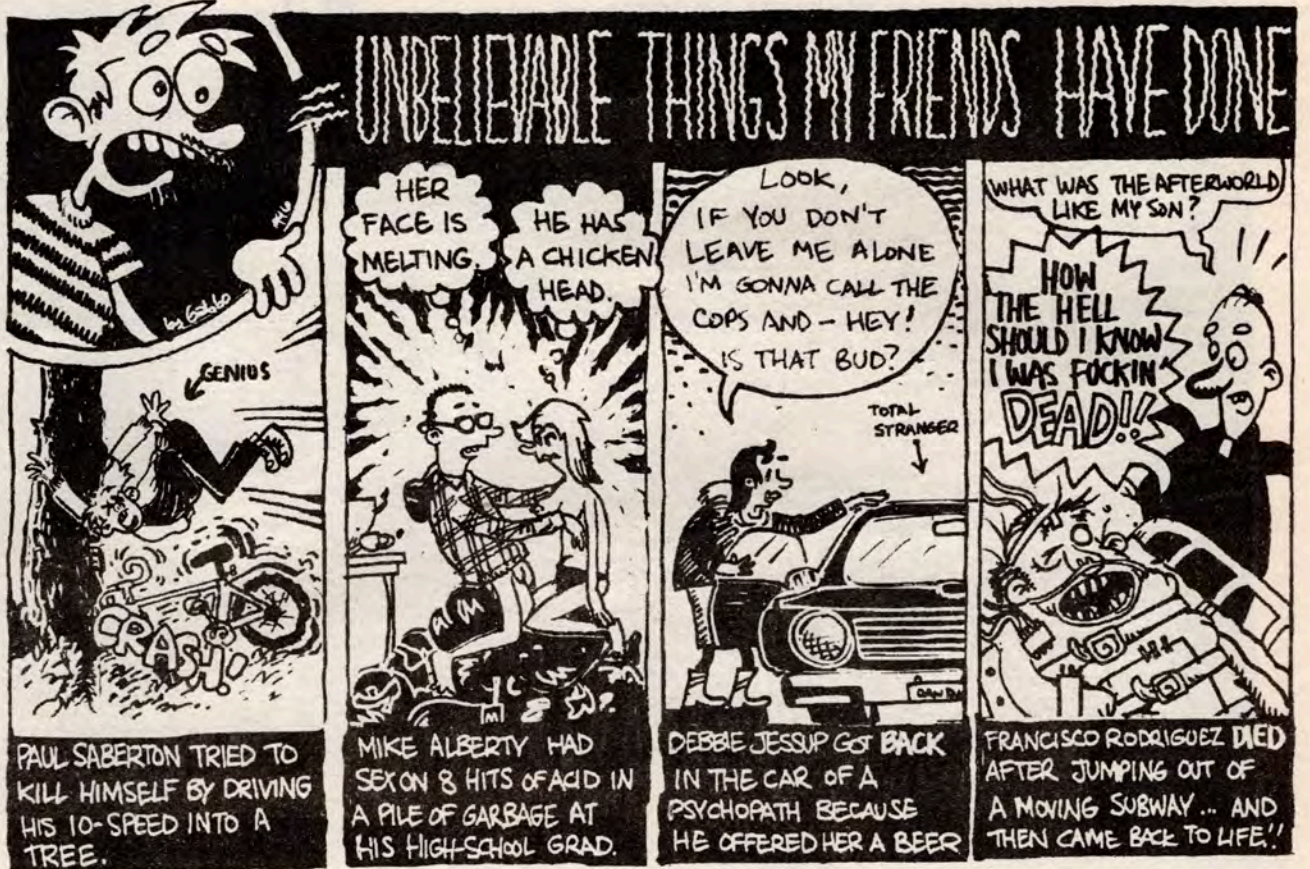
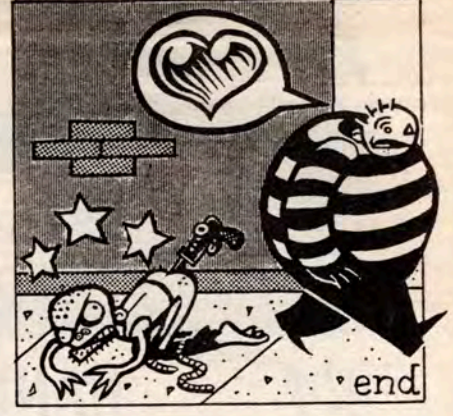
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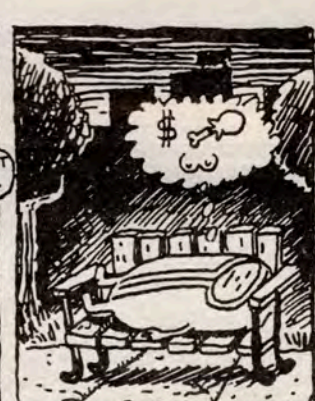
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DISCO DROMP



ODDVILLE!



JAD FAIR MUST DIE!

by Gavin McInnes

The jingly jangly lutanic sounds of artist and musician Jad Fair have long dominated European and Japanese pop culture. Sure he's a complete freak but, unlike Daniel Johnston and Wesley Willis, Jad has the mental capacity to hook up with bands like Half Japanese and Phono Comb and deliver his quirky madness to the public with sane efficiency. His new album, *MONSTERS, LULLABIES...* and the occasional flying saucer on Shake Records/CBC Stereo is a prime example of this - impossibly talented surf tunes surrounding schizophrenic nerdy banter. The Voice hooked up with Jad during his recent Canadian tour and asked him questions about stuff.

Voice: Now, Mr. Fair I recently checked out one of your fine shows and I noticed you didn't have your guitar plugged in.
Jad Fair: Oh right, right.
Which looks great but it's tough to hear the actual song.
Well, Eugene Chadbourne once told me that I play guitar like Elvis Presley.
Right because Elvis never plugged his in.
Yeah, it's more of a visual thing.
Tell me about these little cut outs you do, they're cute as buttons those things.
Well, they're on coloured thick

paper, mostly black and I've been doing them for about eight years. It's a real different effect than what you get drawing and I like that. I started out doing it because I wanted a way to draw on the road. Prior to the cut outs I'd be trying to draw with a marker while the van was moving and my hand



would shake to much.
So you wouldn't be doing this while driving.
No, I should say as a passenger.
Do you ever sell them?
Yeah, I recently had a showing in

Belgium where I sold a few.
I was going to mention that. You're gigantic in Europe.
Oh, we do a lot more touring over there. The money is quite a bit better over there.
Like what?
Sorry?
How much would you have in your pocket after a European tour?
Um, about three thousand dollars.
Can you give me a brief plot summary of the song "Frankenstein Must Die?"
This guy goes over to his girlfriend's house and he sees that Frankenstein has tied her up in a chair and the guy takes it as an insult because she invited him over and doesn't wanna do anything with him. He then goes out and buys some records and some candy and goes home. After a while he starts thinking about it a little more and he realizes it's not really her fault, it's really Frankenstein's fault. So he goes back to her house and decides that Frankenstein must die and shoots him with a gun.
Then what.
Then they have a little party.
Have you ever been beaten up?
There was this one time in the U.K. This guy was mad because he paid his ten dollars and he said he could sing better than me so he wanted his money back and, you know, what was I going to do about it. So I just said I'm not going to do anything about it. I'm certainly not going to give out any rebates.
You shouldn't. You should never give in and never die.
Oh.

The Comic Hunt

The System (parts 1 to 3)
by Peter Kuper
DC/Vertigo

The Dum Dum Posse Reader (bound collection)
by Ron Rege
Self-Published

Remember back in the 1800s when you'd have those tough blacksmith dudes with huge white moustaches spending all day to get the horseshoe shaped just right? Well Peter Kuper and Ron Rege have white moustaches the size of Mount Olympus.

Unfortunately, while Rege sits in his basement all day painting over hand silk-screened, cardboard minis, Kuper and his apt marketing skills provide a book published by the same people that put out Superman and Batman.

Thanks to DC's enormous printing budget, and Kuper's personal team of assistants, we get to see his punk rock cardboard cut outs spray painted onto the slickest glossy paper available to man. What a way to deliver a textless anti-corporate tale that's so New York you can



smell a bum pissing himself on every page.

Ron Rege on the other hand is not so lucky. His bold blacks and Mike Diana/Steven Ciero fly-away lines have every cartoonist in North America masturbating over his economic grave. The problem is his stuff is thoroughly inaccessible. I mean, it's both hard to get and hard to find. Your Mom would think it's drawn by a retarded ham sandwich and the only way you could possibly get ahold of his hand-crafted masterpieces is to mail away for them.

Both *The System* series and *The Dum Dum Posse Reader* collection are so beautiful they singlehandedly rejuvenate

the artistic merit of comicdom which has been steadily blasphemed by a hundred years of cancerous superhero garbage. Even if George Orwell's worst nightmare's come true there will always be artists like these two who take the time to do it right. Praise Allah!

To get *The Dum Dum Posse Reader* send \$5 to Ron Rege at NIB Publications box 38.2163 Cambridge Ma. 02238 USA and, as for *The System* ... jeesh, you can probably get that at Walmart.

- Gavin McInnes

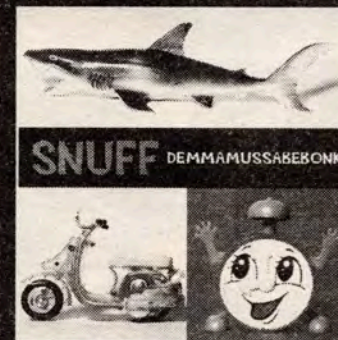


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Video For Deviants

by Johnson Cummins

Teenage Tupelo

directed by John Michael McCarthy

John Michael McCarthy throws us into his world of cat fights, rad cars, a bevy o' buxom babes, fast drivin' hard drinkin' dykes, occultism, S&M, nudie cuties, rockin' tunes by Impala, drag racing and even the actual file footage of the director's birth and the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima. Produced by the immortal David F. Friedman this film continues in the same tradition of his past successes such as *The Defilers* (1964), *Trader Hornee* (1970), and *Love Thy Neighbour and His Wife* (1970). This

movie was so good that the fine folks at Something Weird Video made an exception to their rule of only releasing exploitation films from the '50s, '60s and '70s to put out this little gem.

Here's the general lowdown, kids. Starlet D'lana Fargo becomes impregnated by a washed up local singing legend named Johnny Tu-Note. D'lana is forced to decide whether to keep the baby or put it up for adoption. The fun starts when she turns to a local gang of thrill seeking dykes called the mad, mad, manhaters. The gang decides to take her in due to her uncanny resemblance to their hero, porno star Topsy Turvy. Topsy ends up helping D'lana in one of the most twisted finales

you'll ever see. It may not be the most interesting plot ever to hit the silver screen but who the fuck cares. If the plot has to take a backseat to a good old fashioned lesbian S&M scene then kudos.

Shot almost entirely in black and white on a shoestring budget, John Michael McCarthy makes even John Water's earliest films look like Stephen Spielberg. The small budget just seems to lend an air of authenticity to the exploitation factor that it so richly borrows from, as well as cementing a realistic feel for Tupelo in 1962. You'll swear this movie was filmed thirty years ago. That would probably explain why Something Weird boasts this as their only "new" movie. Mr. McCarthy's obvious admiration for the early sex-exploitation pioneers really shines throughout the film. One can't help but feel the nod of approval from the mighty Russ Meyers when we're treated to such a masterful orchestrating of cat fights, heroine empowerment over the male gender and an exclusive casting of well endowed women. Even Harry Novaks gets a knowing wink for the use of his trademarked 'any cheap excuse for nudity.' The lesbian S&M dream sequences of the mad mad man haters and the inclusion of the Topsy Turvy movie is nothing short of stellar.

But hey kids it's not all T&A. Mr. McCarthy also proves himself as quite the writer with lines like "I've smelled a lot of smells in my time but that is most definitely the smell of certified grade 'A' POONTANG!" Check out the lyrical coupling of the Bob Dylanesque "I love you my dear, your girlfriends are damn queers".

The icing on the cake would have to be the songs of Johnny Tu-Note and the Scopitones as well as the instrumental tunes of Impala. Sympathy for the Record Industry has just released the soundtrack to this film which could be described as anywhere from the Twin Peak sounds of Angelo Badalamenti to straight up surf a la Dick Dale.

The next time you find yourself bored to death with the latestslop Hollywood has served, let John Michael McCarthy put you in the passenger seat of his 1940s studebaker for some "full throttle sexploitation."

(Something Weird Video, Dept. TT, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, Wa., 98133)



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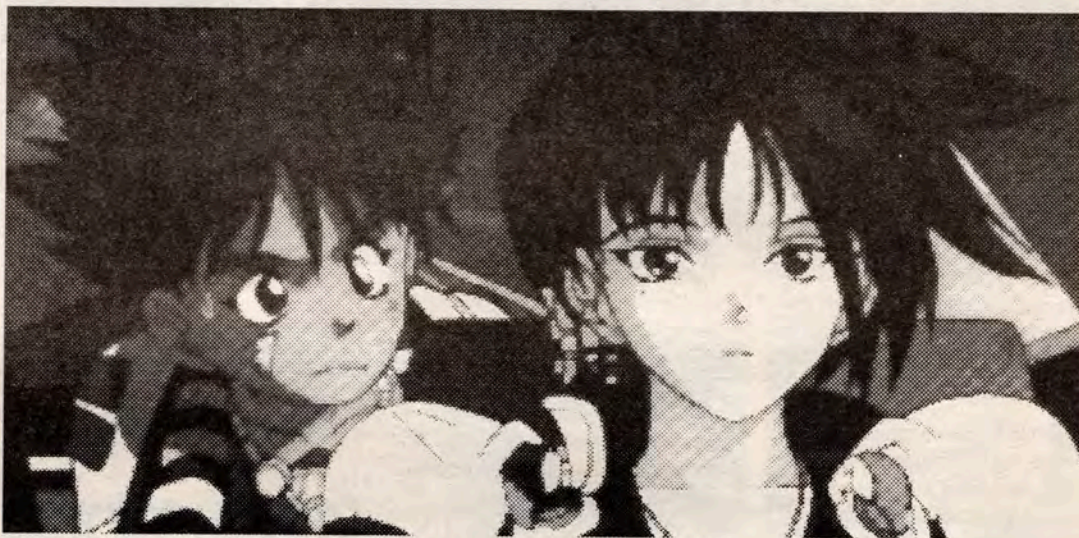
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IRIA: Zeiram the animation
volume 1 (episodes 1 and 2)
U.S. Manga Corps

Sentai is the term for the live-action battlesuit shows that constitute a large part of Japanese pop SF. Most readers should be familiar with the Mighty Morphing Power Rangers, if not Ultraman and Kamen Rider. Transcending the usual corniness of the genre are the two Zeiram films, designed and directed by Keita Amemiya.

Packing a diploma from the School of Eastwood, interstellar bounty hunter Iria (along with her digitized sidekick, Bob) locks horns with a creepy, renegade

cyborg named Zeiram. Though I've yet to come across any Zeiram manga, North American otaku now have access to the anime spinoff.

Expanding the scope of the story, these half-hour TV episodes precede the films in the Zeiram continuity. An adolescent Iria cuts her teeth as a bounty hunter while contending with corporate conspiracy, bureaucratic inhumanity and, of course, Zeiram's berserk bloodletting. The anime's graphic execution is reasonably sharp and intricate, and remains faithful to the 'demon toybox' aesthetic of Amemiya's original designs. The parasols, puppets, and spinning tops, which provide a basis for the mechanical devices

in this world, have their quaint innocence tainted with a subtle menace.

Sadly absent in the anime, however, is the quiet restraint that characterized the live-action films in the series. This is obvious in the colour schemes and musical score (where was that heartbreaking electric violin?) The biggest disappointment, though, lies in Iria herself. The teenage cartoon greenhorn of the anime lacks the impassive cool and feline grace that actress Yuko Moriyama brought to the character. Watching the anime, it quickly becomes apparent that her ice-queen/rocket fox delivery was the most appealing aspect of this particular science-fantasy universe.

—Rupert Bottenberg

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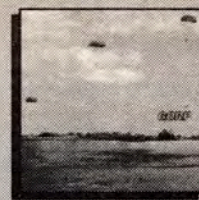
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literary review

What it is and How it is Done

by Crispin Hellion Glover

Crispin's fourth and possibly most warped book yet *What it is and How it is Done*, published by his company Volcanic Eruptions in a signed limited edition of 1000, once again manipulates found text with visuals from obscure out of print books. Crispin weaves a nightmarish tale of a man's life told in reverse -old, middle aged and young.

Judging by his last couple of literary outings, it would probably be safe to say Crispin was more than smitten with David Lynch's *Eraserhead* and Brion Gysin's cut up method. Not to say that one could accuse Crispin of theft but the influence of these two men's work can be heavily felt within his text. Much like

Crispin's offstage persona he chooses to leave the plot of the story shrouded in mystery. The sense of unease Crispin creates within his work is generated through the juxtaposition of morose graphics and absurd text that tend not to communicate with each other.

If absurdity isn't really your cup of tea than you might want to get the book for the binding alone. This hardcover book with gold leaf is guaranteed to spice up any coffee table and would look great, on the shelf next to your Michael Crichton books. —Johnson Cummins

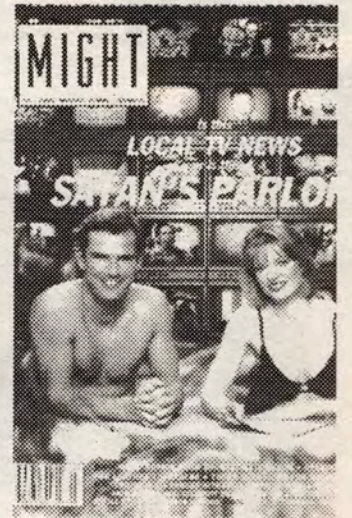
(Volcanic Eruptions, P.O. Box 25220, Los Angeles Ca., 90025, USA)



Might

San Francisco's *Might Magazine* is the coolest thing we've ever seen. There's barely any ads in it and it may very well be run by homosexuals but every page is so funny and cool you feel like hanging out with it. There's several pages of comics, a pictorial essay called "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a White Man" and a detailed price list for buying letters of recommendation. That's right journalism students, for a mere \$15 American you can get a letter saying you were a phenomenal Administrative Assistant or why not spend the extra \$100 and be written up as the Editor-In-Chief. Only *Might Magazine* could interview a cellist and do a cover story on TV anchormen or Jewish

republicans and make it more interesting than if you found out your grandmother was a junkie. This magazine is so good it will surely soar over America's heads and be out of print within the year. —Gavin McInnes



Your Flesh #32

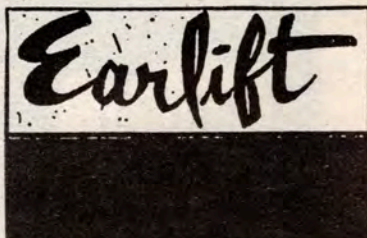
Fantagraphics Books

Your Flesh is a slick ass publication that's been around for twelve years. Now published by Fantagraphics, this Minneapolis-based zine has come a long way from the little rag it once was. As a young punk I would pore over its pages like I was reading the *Qu'ran*, turning to it and seeking knowledge. You get the feeling it's put together by seasoned professionals, but as an aging punk, their academic approach to comics, art, film, and music makes me feel like I'm back in school. The quality of writing is extremely high, but it's like reading a PhD thesis about punk or something, it's dry. For those folks who are used to the wittiness of *Motorbooty* and *Bunnyhop*, or the insanity of *Answer ME!*, they'll find *Your Flesh*



pretentious and boring. For those simply down with consuming "hep" information in a Swiss fashion, pick it up and you won't be able to put it down. —Suroosh Y. Alvi

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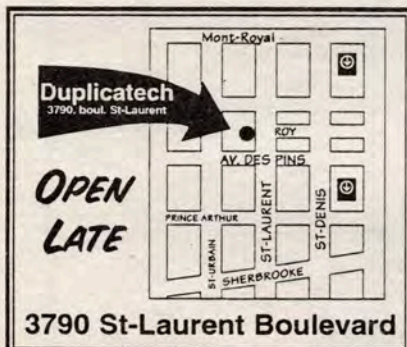
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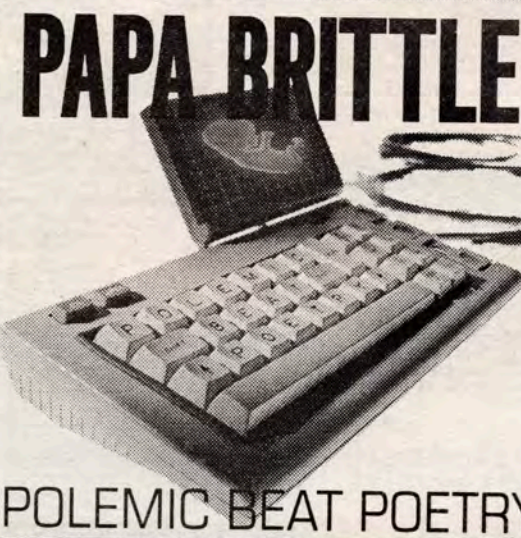
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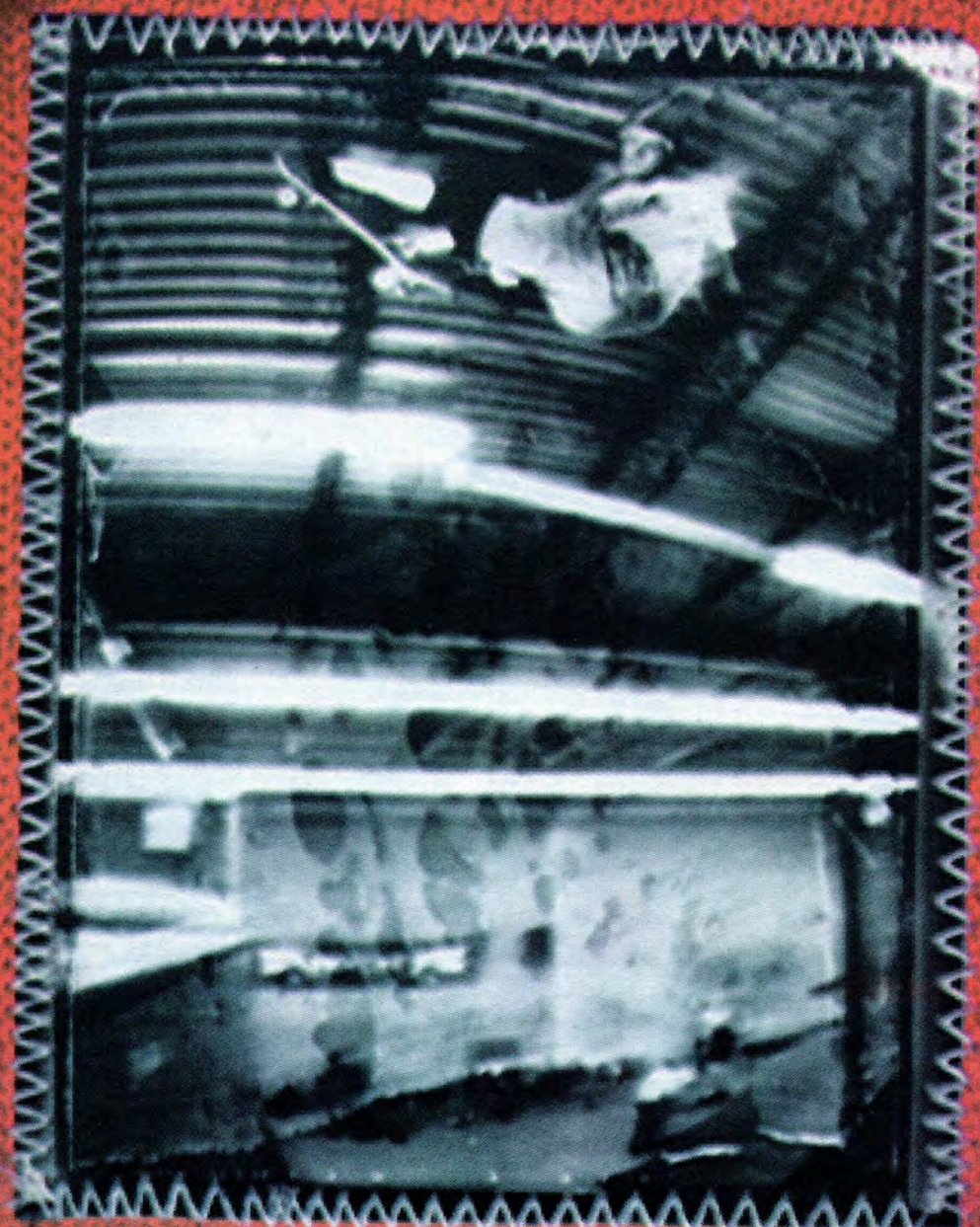
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